

Bobby Baker's Affairs *Murray Kempton*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

February 8, 1964, 35 cents

Mailer as Prophet

Richard Gilman

Arthur Miller's New Play

Robert Brustein

Why Your Children Smoke

Larry Sneed

The War on Poverty

Gunnar Myrdal

N 3

T.R.B.

from
Washington

The Big Myth

★ John F. Kennedy pleaded against "myths." In his famous speech at Yale in June, 1962, he said: "We enjoy the comfort of opinion without the discomfort of thought." He said we must "move on from the reassuring repetition of stale phrases to a new, difficult, but essential confrontation with reality."

Perhaps the favorite of all American political myths is the danger of big government. Government is the enemy; the bigger the government, the worse it is. Lyndon Johnson bows to this. He amazes and confuses his Republican critics by announcing a smaller federal budget for next year, and even a putative cut-back in federal employees. Well, we don't believe for a minute he is going to cut the budget, and we don't believe he is going to reduce federal employees. June 30, 1965, is a long way off; let's wait and see. But the important thing is that the head of the Democratic Party, the liberal party in America, finds it politically necessary to bow to this preposterous myth that at a time when population is increasing 3 million a year the government should get smaller.

Last week General Motors announced that 1963 earnings had broken all marks, that net income was more than \$1.5 billion. Yes, that's right, \$1.5 billion. GM employed 640,000 (up 16,000); its provision for US and foreign taxes, \$1.762 billion.

Maybe somebody shuddered at the size of this industrial colossus, but if so we didn't read about it. It's all right for GM to be gigantic; it is wrong for the US government to be.

GM last year accounted for 53.7 percent of the entire new-car market. Another independent, Studebaker, folded

last year. We were sorry to see Studebaker go; we dropped a tear over it; we used to own a lovely Champion. Now there are only three other companies left, and how long the two weaker ones will last we don't know. What a fine, efficient nation it would be if GM manufactured *all* automobiles! Yes, there are two ways of moving toward Socialism, by the industrial or the political route.

We went over to listen to the Republican leaders at their nationwide, closed-circuit fund-raising party last week, thinking about "myths." Governor Rockefeller at Los Angeles wanted to "unshackle the free enterprise system"; Barry Goldwater at Pittsburgh denounced "growing control, coercion, regulation, regimentation"; good old George Romney, here in Washington, who always brings the "Judeo-Christian" ethic and the "Deity" into his pulpit, denounced big government in a fine manly way. Everybody denounced big government. We mustn't let government grow; we must cut down the size of the debt and the federal bureaucracy and balance the budget.

GM isn't cutting down the size of its debt; it is getting bigger every year. What is true of GM is true of other vast corporations. All they ask of us voters is a simple favor: "Hamstring the government so it can't regulate us, and then watch our smoke."

Kitchen Knife Surgery

★ Sitting here in Washington we ask ourselves sometimes whether so myth-bound and clumsy a government can really meet the accelerating tempo of modern times? If you think of it as a spectator sport it makes quite an entertaining question. Take the business cycle. Economists have worked out a pretty good system of leveling off recessions and booms by applying or withholding spending and tax cuts, and European nations apply it successfully. But can it really be applied here? It requires deftness, agility and speed.

President Kennedy asked for a tax cut and tax reforms a year and a half ago, and the bill has not passed yet. It will certainly pass sometime, but economic conditions have greatly changed. Furthermore, the reforms have been dropped, and President Johnson has revved up the tax cut proposal so that

he may well over-stimulate the economy, to its detriment a year hence. This is not fair to the new art of economic balance; it is carrying on an appendectomy with a kitchen knife.

Civil rights, of course, is even more chancy. The Southern filibuster will start in April, we guess, and the stream of racial animosity may well flow into the stream of discontent over unemployment at about that time, if the Senate bogs down, with consequences in civil disorders that we don't like to think about. Maybe these evil things won't happen, however; we hope not.

Baker and Johnson

★ People ask us what effect we think the Bobby Baker case will have on President Johnson? It will depend a good deal on Mr. Johnson. He adopted an uncomfortably facetious tone in suggesting a parallel between the gift of a hi-fi set to him from Baker, and the office-party gift of a miniature radio to Senator Goldwater. Up to at least the time when this is written, the press had had no chance to ask Mr. Johnson about White House assistant Walter Jenkins, whose sworn testimony conflicts with sworn testimony at the Senate hearing over alleged payola advertising time purchased on the Johnson TV station at Austin, Texas. In short, the President, for the first time, is having a bad press. We do not belong to those who think Mr. Johnson's reelection is a sure thing.

"And now - Bobby Baker," Senate leader Johnson told the Senate as he eulogized various members of the staff before it adjourned, July 28, 1956. "I know I should refer to him as Secretary of the Majority even as my heart says 'Bobby' instead. His quick intelligence, his tremendous fund of knowledge about the Senate, which is almost appalling in one so young, has kept the machinery of this side of the aisle working with smooth precision. Always present, always alert, and, more than anything else, always understanding and persuasive with his wise counsel, I say to all of you here tonight that here, indeed, is a young man of rare and real promise."

Mr. Baker's "fund of knowledge" was indeed "most appalling," and his former patron has uncomfortable hours still ahead of him.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion Volume 150 Number 6 Issue 2568 February 8, 1964
Published weekly (except July and August when it is biweekly) and distributed by The New Republic, 1244 19th St., N.W., Washington 36, D. C. Phone FEderal 8-2494. Single copy 35c. Yearly subscription, \$8.00; Foreign, \$9.00, Armed Forces personnel or students, \$6.50. Advertising rates upon request. Subscribers desiring change of address should notify us at least three weeks in advance. Include old and new address. Copyright© 1964 by Harrison-Blaine, Inc. Item g. Second Class Postage Paid at Washington, D. C. Indexed in Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature.

CONTENTS

THE WEEK – Darkness on the Mekong; Khrushchev as Banker; Democrats' Bonus; FCC on Guard; Birchers Lose

Bobby Baker's Affairs –
Murray Kempton 6

FOREIGN REPORT – Spain: Franco
Apes de Gaulle 8

The President's Plan for Urban
America – Wolf Von Eckardt 9

Washington Rent Strike –
James Ridgeway 10

Wright Patman's Well-Heeled
Windmills – Glenn Carr 11

Can the Cancer Society Combat the
Hidden Persuaders? – Larry Sneed 12

The War on Poverty – Gunnar Myrdal 14

"The Presidential Papers" Reviewed by
Richard Gilman 17

Films by Stanley Kauffmann 24

Records by B. H. Haggin 25

Theater by Robert Brustein 26

Correspondence 30

THE STAFF

Editor-in-Chief – Gilbert A. Harrison

Managing Editor – Alex Campbell

Editors – Robert Evett, Murray Kempton

Associate Editor – James Ridgeway

Assistant to the Editors – F. R. Ruskin

Copy Editor – Lucille Davis

Contributing Editors: Alexander M. Bickel,

Robert Brustein, Asher Brynes,

Helen Fuller, Frank Getlein,

B. H. Haggin, Morton H. Halperin,

Irving Howe, Christopher Jencks,

Gerald W. Johnson, Stanley Kauffmann,

Charles Burton Marshall, Helen Hill Miller

Publisher – Robert B. Luce

Circulation Manager – Bertha Lehman

Business Manager – Glenon Matthiesen

New York Advertising Representative –

Gene Andrews, 40 West 53rd Street,

New York 19, New York

Darkness on the Mekong

No doubt all wars are crazy. But the war in Vietnam in which more than 15,000 Americans are participating has for long seemed crazier than most. Now it has become still more schizophrenic. The US got itself into the Vietnamese civil war in order to help the South Vietnamese government but when that government was overthrown three months ago the US government did not conceal its satisfaction and relief. Now the new government has been overthrown or violently reshuffled, amid cries about its being in league with the Communists and General de Gaulle.

Washington does not know what to make of this, and was evidently in deepening perplexity even before it happened. The US joined in the war because it was felt that a Communist victory in South Vietnam would be intolerable to American interests in Asia. The government of President Diem and his brother Mr. Nhu seemed to have become the biggest obstacle to effective prosecution of the war against the Communists. But last week, just before the new coup, it was being said in Washington that following the murderous removal of Diem and Nhu there had been some improvement in South Vietnam but that unfortunately the situation there was deteriorating. This double talk came, regrettably, from a man with a deserved reputation as the coolest, clearest head of them all: none other than Defense Secretary McNamara. If Mr. McNamara is confused to that extent, the situation is somber indeed.

When the Diem-Nhu government fell, we ourselves said that the Communists would either have to step up the war, or make peace. Soon there were clear indications that they had chosen the former. Nor was this surprising. The violent change of government in Saigon last November was bound to cause some upsets and interruptions, temporary derangements of military operations and even a concentration on political issues with the war itself relegated for a time to a back seat. It has after all been going on for rather a long time. The Communists were almost bound to take advantage of this interregnum to harry the new military junta, especially as the junta was being compelled, reluctantly, to remove army officers who however able had incurred popular enmity by being too loyal to the overthrown Diem. In those circumstances, some Communist successes were probably to be expected. The consolation ought to have been that these were only temporary and that once the new South Vietnamese government got into its stride it would, having the support of the mass of the

people, be able to fight the civil war more effectively and vigorously than Diem and Nhu did. The disconcerting thing about Mr. McNamara's utterances was that he displayed no great confidence that this was in fact going to happen, and now the latest changes in Saigon may further darken the immediate military prospect without offering hope of a lightening of the horizon in the near future.

Less than a year ago, according to military observers in Vietnam, the Viet Cong Communists were losing men at an accelerating rate, through defections to the government side. Now there are reports that the tide of defections has been actually flowing the other way. A year ago, also, the Viet Cong were said to be suffering heavy casualties, though it was admitted that they always managed to replenish themselves so that their total numbers remained about the same. Now, the Viet Cong apparently is being replenished to the point where its forces no longer run away from pitched battles: and sometimes they even win them. In short, the Communists appear to be growing in numbers, and not by reinforcements from North Vietnam, for it seems generally accepted that the Communists have their roots and their bases in the peasantry of South Vietnam. Mr. McNamara pointed out, frankly enough, that the area of the critical Mekong delta south of Saigon has been under the control of the Communists for years. This being so, and if the shifting forces in Saigon fail to rally the people for a sustained determined drive against the Communists, what is in prospect is probably not a Communist defeat by 1965, as was once promised, but a perpetuated war, waged in mud and jungle and fluctuating in agonizing prolonged indecision in and about the "Maginot Line" of the so-called strategic hamlets, that the Communists seem to occupy about half the time. According to some military experts who are regarded as optimists rather than as pessimists, such a war could go on for 10 years.

Secretary McNamara did not commit the US to staying with the Vietnamese civil war for that length of time. In fact, he was exceedingly cautious about whether the US is going to remain in Vietnam for any length of time. Such caution is understandable. American soldiers are getting killed in South Vietnam, and American voters display no affection for this particular involvement. Now the Administration will be compelled to make up its mind to try to find a path out of the Vietnamese morass, or to plunge in very much deeper. These may be the only two possible alternatives, with all third choices resolving themselves into mere confusion and dither. On this issue Mr. McNamara's words were tolerably plain. He said the Administration hoped that the Vietnamese government could, with full US support, take hold of the situation and eventually suppress the Viet Cong insurrection. Then he added that

in order to ensure an independent government in South Vietnam, the US might have to get into the war with "all necessary measures within our capability." But what is meant by an independent government? Some non-Communist Vietnamese leaders apparently want to try to end the civil war by other means than fighting it to a finish. In the light of the new split in Saigon, the Johnson Administration must review its own policy.

Khrushchev as Banker

At the beginning of this year the International Bank of Economic Cooperation opened its doors for business in Moscow. This is the Communist countries' answer to the Bank for International Settlements: its aim is to achieve an international socialist division of labor by financing Communist trade. But its capital of 300 million rubles are not convertible, for Khrushchev has run down his gold reserves by selling twice as much gold as usual to the West to buy grain. Nor does the new bank appear to offer real cures for what ails Communist trade. The new bank seems to expect the regional plans to embrace multilateral as well as bilateral trade, though recent and numerous planning failures hardly indicate that the planners are becoming more efficient. On the contrary, economic reports from the Soviet Union and most of the satellites suggest that shortages and surpluses, overstrained investment programs and unsalable shoddy consumers' goods are still the rule. In consequence, what Khrushchev the banker needs most is loans, not borrowers.

Democrats' Bonus

The Democrats have long been aware of the need for reforming their rules of apportioning delegates to national conventions. Their conventions of 1952, '56 and '60 ignored the 1950 census where it called for reducing the delegate-strength of a state and took it into account only where population changes called for increases. The result in '56 was that California had one convention vote for each 32,317 votes for the party in the previous Presidential election; Pennsylvania had one convention vote for each 2,263 votes for the Democrats; and Wyoming, one for each 3,424. The apportionment in the '60 convention was even more lopsided. Now the Democratic National Committee has decided it's time for a change.

Next August in Atlantic City, convention votes will be allocated to take population gains into account; and in addition a bonus will be given each state carried by John F. Kennedy four years ago.

The change came on the initiative of Democrats who had previously opposed it because it seemed likely to favor the South. With the increase in two-party voting in the South, those fears have subsided. Now the desire is to keep the South in the party but to reduce its influence in the nominating process.

Under the plan adopted, every state retains a basic quota of three convention votes for each vote it has in the Electoral College, plus one for each of the two National Committee members. Each state the Democrats carried in 1960 will also receive a bonus of another 10 votes. In addition to these, a state will receive one extra convention vote for each 100,000 votes cast for the Democratic ticket in the state in 1960. Thus, the convention vote of the New York delegation will increase from 114 to 179; Pennsylvania from 81 to 125; Illinois from 69 to 114 and California from 81 to 154.

To sugar the pill for the South, the National Committee at the same time provided that no state will receive a smaller delegate quota in 1964 than it had four years ago. The total number of delegates will simply be increased to include the new bonus delegates.

The proportionate strength of various regions in the convention will change very little, however. The voting power of the South as a whole will diminish by only one or two percent; the West will gain approximately the same. The important difference will occur in the increased influence of big states Kennedy carried. The biggest losers will be smaller states such as Kansas and Nebraska, which the Democrats lost in '60.

FCC on Guard

The Pacifica Foundation's three non-commercial FM radio stations weren't in much danger of losing their broadcasting licenses because their programs were too far left. The Federal Communications Commission dropped its inquiry into alleged Communist affiliations, and also said it had no objections to Pacifica presenting to its listeners a political spectrum from Communists to Birchers. The issue that might have imperiled Pacifica was broadcasting homosexuality and dirty words. On one program, eight homosexuals were allowed to discuss their attitudes and problems; on two more, two poets, Lawrence Ferlinghetti and Robert Creeley, were allowed to read work of their own, some of which was in dubious taste. For the poems, Pacifica apologized. Regarding the homosexuals, the FCC defended "provocative programming" as part of American freedom; but Commissioner Robert E. Lee exercised *his* freedom to declare stiffly that "a microphone in a bordello, during slack hours, could give us similar information on a related subject."

Birchers Lose

The jury in Okanogan, in Washington State 50 miles from the Canadian border, included an Indian guide, ranchers and ranchers' wives, small-town businessmen and a retired teacher. All day, as I testified, I wondered if they understood why witnesses in the Goldmark case had come to Okanogan to testify on behalf of people we didn't even know. Evidently they did, for they awarded \$40,000 to Mr. and Mrs. John Goldmark for having been libeled by four activists of the American far right: Don Caron, state president of the John Birch Society; Loris Gillespie, a fruit grower who is also a Bircher; Albert Canwell, who operates a private "anti-Communist intelligence" service; and Ashley Holden, a newspaper publisher.

Goldmark was a Democratic member of the state legislature. Mrs. Goldmark was a member of the Communist Party from 1935 to 1942. The four men began a campaign against Goldmark. They accused him of being under Communist discipline, and cited his membership in the American Civil Liberties Union. Though Mrs. Goldmark had been subpoenaed by the House Un-American Activities Committee in 1956 and testified in an executive session, they implied she had never left the party.

More than 100 witnesses testified for both sides. The defendants depended on witnesses who maintained that the ACLU was a Communist-front organization. Through witnesses like Harry Cain, former chairman of the Subversive Activities Control Board; Gabriel Almond, the distinguished political scientist; Sterling Hayden, the actor-writer who had once been a Communist; Edward Guthman of the Justice Department; William Tompkins, assistant attorney-general under Eisenhower; and myself, there was a real confrontation of the John Birch ideology. For the first time in a libel action the distinction was clearly drawn between an organization such as the ACLU which defends Communists, and Communist-front groups which may also defend Communists. The theory of parallelism was demolished as the witnesses proved it was possible for a man to hold positions that the party also supported, and not be a Communist himself.

It's not certain that Goldmark can or will resume his political career. But he was vindicated and the \$40,000 verdict is not so much that it could be set aside nor so little that it won't hurt the defendants to pay it. It will discourage the far right from making irresponsible charges against other individuals. Best of all, the blow against the Birchers was delivered in a rural section of the country in which there has been great concern over the strength of the far right. The fact that the Goldmarks didn't lose is cause for delight in all of America.

PAUL JACOBS

Murray Kempton on

Bobby Baker's Affairs

The Rules Committee of the Senate of the United States picks its way across the blasted heath of Bobby Baker's affairs like a timid conscript through a mine field. Slowly the suspicion grows that we approach a revelation more scandalous than any we had imagined. Bobby Baker may never have broken an enforceable law. We are hearing not a crime but a success story that instructs us not in scandal but in the way property can be assembled under a system of state capitalism.

Don B. Reynolds, who was Bobby Baker's associate insurance agent, has an expository style that is an heroic amalgam of the evangelical with the disenchant-ed, and sends the hearer away trying to sort in his mind citations from the prophets: "I am all right because I have never forgotten what my old mommy told me—I think it's from the Talmud—and that is 'If they're stealing like this in the little things what must they be doing in the big ones?'"

Don B. Reynolds is from one of those little towns like Bishopville or Pickens in eastern South Carolina, a region so wasted in the late Thirties that there was no way the children could escape except to become wards of the government. Don Reynolds grasped at a West Point appointment from Senator Cotton Ed Smith, rather as Bobby Gene Baker was later to take an appointment to the Senate Page School from Burnett Maybank. Reynolds did not as immediately find a home; he departed the Academy, served awhile as a consular officer in Europe, then went on active Army duty as a major stationed in Washington, and was called by the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee to assist its investigation of deviates in the United States Army before he took his discharge and his independent spirit into the private sector.

He settled upon Bobby Baker as his socio-political arm. "I would learn the insurance business and Bobby, because of his social contacts and wide knowledge of people, sir, could present them to me." He had absorbed the essential priorities: when you establish an enterprise in Washington, first hire the politician and then learn the business. But Reynolds could recall just one instance where he owed a really handsome profit to Bobby Baker and that seems to have been unexpected and unsought. Bobby Baker invited him to his office in January, 1960, to discuss Congressional authorization for a sports stadium. There he met Bobby and William McLeod, clerk of the House District Committee, another South Carolina country boy, along with Matt

McCloskey, the Philadelphia contractor who particularly impressed Reynolds "because he was Treasurer of our National Democratic Party, and I had not been exposed to such a level of people." Matt McCloskey seems to have added nothing to the discussion except the observation that, if the stadium were approved, he would certainly like to bid on the construction job.

McCloskey got his wish and his contract after the stadium approval sailed through Congress with only one small snag in the Senate. Reynolds remembers that, "I contacted Bobby and asked if he would help to make sure it did not get bogged down." By now, he and McCloskey were friends; McCloskey even got Reynolds out of bed for breakfast with Harry Truman. And when his bid to build the stadium was accepted, McCloskey gave Reynolds the brokerage on the performance bond and Reynolds, thankful to the authors of the occasion which had brought them together, sent Baker a check for \$4,000. But he says that he and McLeod had a small dispute about the proper dimensions of Reynolds' gratitude; McLeod wanted \$2,000; they settled for \$1,500.

McCloskey seems to have been the one really rewarding account Baker helped find for Reynolds. If he really thought he was paying for services rendered, McCloskey would be a monument to Baker's talent for selling what he did not own, a capacity so common in Washington that it has the generic name of "rainmaking." McCloskey had been embalming the misjudgments of official architects around Washington since 1933; he was the capital's favorite public contractor even under Eisenhower. It would have been inconceivable for anyone else to build the district stadium. He needed assistance at being steered around Capitol Hill about as much as Bernard Berenson needed a guide to the Uffizi, and only his paternal nature could have allowed him to let these country boys think they were showing him the ropes.

Three-Day Bash

The precepts of his old mother seem to have made Reynolds hang back from most of what Bobby Baker had to offer by now. Still he was tempted awhile and the embodiment of that temptation was Thomas Webb, the lawyer, to whom Bobby Baker had introduced him as "a good acquaintance and Clint Murchison, Jr.'s representative in Washington" and a man "who knew an awful lot of important people." Reynolds does not remember whether Baker or Webb suggested that it might be profitable for him to go to Florida and meet Clint Murchison, Jr.

The making of money turned out to be a process performed, among other places, at a three-day bash which demanded a whole wing of the Hotel Fontainebleau in Miami. There Reynolds met Leonard Burstein,

a former McCarthy committee lawyer, who had come to plead the abounding future of the Mortgage Guarantee Insurance Corporation.

"During the period of the two or three days that we were there, sir, there would be a summary that the American economy needed Mortgage Guarantee Insurance Corporation where VA and GI insurance could not cover the loans . . . and sometime toward the end of the meeting it was suggested that probably the government should not be in the mortgage guarantee insurance business at all and that private enterprise should move in and take it over . . . and that they needed some people in Washington, who could help them to convince Washington of that need."

Reynolds felt bemused enough by these visions to take Burstein to visit Representative Multer of the House Banking Committee, but he does not remember how far Burstein got with his plan to sell the FHA on the free market. Thereafter, Reynolds sought the advice of an investment counselor and decided not to buy any Mortgage Guarantee stock and shame on his dear old mother because, if he had bought at the insider's price, he would, like Bobby Baker, have seen Mortgage Guarantee turn into MAGIC and return the investment 14 times over in a year.

The process by which money is made was also illuminated, if not quite realized, for Reynolds by the Murchisons' Tom Webb in 1959 when together with Baker they joined a syndicate to buy a parcel of blighted property near the new postoffice in Jacksonville, Fla., and convert it into a motel and a shopping center.

Its members put up \$600 apiece for a total capital enterprise risk of \$6,000. The \$100,000 price of the land and the \$300,000 price of its development were to be met with a loan from the pension fund of the Teamsters Union. The world where money is made or at least dreamed of seems to be as small as the world of political conspiracy. When Communist spies confess their sins they all turn out to have dropped their loot of secrets in the office of the same dentist in New York; in the world where money is made, the scene seems always to be the Fontainebleau, the characters seem always a Murchison or someone who says he speaks for the Murchisons, and almost always a Jimmy Hoffa and then, as a wild card, some used car dealer from the site of the scheme who had been admitted to partnership, and then, of course, the former Congressional investigator who will get to his Miami office to draw up the papers as soon as he completes his business in his Chicago office.

Hoffa sent the late Gene San Souci, an assistant, down to Jacksonville to appraise the property. It is Reynolds' recollection that San Souci drove by the site but, since it was raining, had the good sense not to disembark and inspect it more closely and proceeded

to the hotel and had a drink and then he went home.

Reynolds' old mother seems again to have sent forth her extrasensory impulses and he backed off, and can offer only the vagueness of recollection that always seems to follow any of his approaches to the big wheel. He does not know whether the Teamsters' pension fund ever got its money back, but he does remember, of course, that the used car dealer from Jacksonville came out bankrupt.

But then Bobby Baker did bring Don B. Reynolds Lyndon B. Johnson, his most distinguished insuree. The policies he wrote for Senator Johnson seem to have totaled \$250,000; but 1957 was soon enough after the Senator's heart attack to make him a high hazard case, which dictated at once that the premiums be immense and the agent's commission meager. Reynolds seems to have made a little less than \$5,000 from sales commissions on the Johnson policies. Still it was a prestige account and there was the gratification of hearing that Senator Johnson had come out of the chamber laughing that here all his friends in Texas with their insurance empires had been unable to get him a policy and now he could tell them that these hicks from South Carolina had pulled it off.

Pitch for Pots and Pans

But then there were unexpected levies. While Reynolds was working on the policy, he went to see Walter Jenkins, the Senator's executive assistant, and he swears that Jenkins told him that a Texas agent had offered to sell the insurance on terms comparable to Reynolds' with the additional consideration that he would buy advertising time from Mrs. Johnson's television station in Austin. Reynolds says he felt it incumbent upon him to match this offer, and bought \$1,208 worth of advertising time from KTBC-Austin. Reynolds saw little promise in advertising a District of Columbia insurance agency on a Texas station. He sought to recoup by selling the time to Albert Young, a stainless steel manufacturer. They agreed that Young would use the time to advertise his kitchenware on the Johnson station and pay Reynolds half of any sales commissions he got in return.

Young, a single-minded man, used the time in half-hour blocs of unbroken commercial pitch for his pots and pans.

"Since the Johnson station was the only one in Austin," Young remembers, "the people couldn't turn it off. They didn't like it apparently. We only sold enough in five or six shows to make \$320 in commissions on the sales."

By then, Young had exhausted the time Reynolds had bought and quit the field. Jenkins, from the White House, has filed an affidavit of total denial of all Reyn-

olds has sworn and all Young goes on saying. The Rules Committee is desperate to believe him as we all should be. It is quite enough already to reflect that one of the ways money has been made in the United States is for someone as dedicated to elevating the national tone as Mrs. Johnson to have directed the affairs of a television station which upholds its public education franchise by offering residents of a one-channel town an uninterrupted commercial for one half-hour a week.

There was also the record-player which Reynolds claims Bobby Baker told him to give to Senator Johnson and which President Johnson remembers as a gift from Bobby Baker. It cost, even with a courtesy discount, nearly \$600 and was so much too large even for the capacious housing standards which Texans bring to Washington that the Johnsons had to give it away. "If my administrative assistant walked in with a \$835 stereo set," Senator Goldwater says, "I would ask 'Where did you get this, Buster?' " Mr. Johnson may be a triumphant progressive and Senator Goldwater a desperately-scrabbling conservative because Senator Goldwater does not know Murchison's law.

Clint Murchison, Sr. used to say: "If you got a good man working for you, make sure he dies rich." The President remembers that he and Bobby Baker made a custom of exchanging gifts. Under Murchison's law the improved standard of Bobby Baker's latest present must have gratified not Senator Johnson's greed but his concern for his employees: another good man would not die poor. And perhaps Mr. Johnson is in history and Bobby Baker is in trouble because Bobby Baker does not understand Murchison's law. The South Carolinians make their way but never with the broad gestures of the Texans. Most often, like Reynolds they are cautious; even when one of them, like Bobby Baker, acquires the proper vision his nature remains narrow and mean. He would not be in the mess he is in if he had understood that, when you acquire a partner, it is not merely generous but wise always to leave him richer than you found him.

FOREIGN REPORT

SPAIN: *Franco Apes de Gaulle*

★ In the Gaullist manner, and helped by Paris, the government of Franco Spain has embarked on new active policies to restore Spain's prestige and to find export markets for its booming economy in two broad areas of special US interest – Latin America and Africa. The policies, while not openly neutralist or specifically anti-

American, are plainly designed to follow the Gaullist line of subordination of so-called ideology to so-called realism, and to take full advantage of US doubts, hesitations and difficulties.

The Spanish government professes to be the most uncompromisingly anti-Communist in the world, but Madrid seems deaf to CIA Chief John A. McCone's pleas against economic relations with Cuba. Any threat of withdrawal of US government economic aid to Spain is blunted, even nullified by loans from France. There is a personal rapprochement between General de Gaulle and General Franco, and ever closer relations between the two countries on all levels and in all areas. Spain is following France's lead in resuming active cultural and economic ties in all of Latin America. The Panama situation has reinforced the view in Madrid that the Alliance for Progress is on the way out, leaving room for penetration of Latin America by Spain.

Spain exports buses, trucks, drugs, pharmaceutical and other products to Cuba. It is importing sugar (300,000 tons) and tobacco – there is no better place to buy pure Havana cigars than in a shop in the Alcala in Madrid, opposite the Ministry of War. Spanish shipyards are to provide Cuba with fishing and merchant vessels. The government-owned Iberia airline flies between Madrid and Havana on regular schedule; in fact the two best ways to get to Cuba are to fly from Madrid or Mexico.

Every year since Fidel Castro came to power, the Cuban Embassy in Madrid has held a New Year's party. The one this year was attended by high representatives of the Spanish government as well as by leading financiers, industrialists and editors.

Although the Mexican government still recognizes the Spanish Republic Government-in-Exile and has no official relations with Madrid, Mexican President Adolfo Lopez Mateos formally visited a large Spanish trade fair in Mexico City. General de Gaulle is soon to visit Mexico as part of his own re-entry into Latin America; and a French loan to Spain immediately followed a similar French loan to Mexico. Spaniards say that their expanding economy requires 300 million rather than 30 million customers.

The official Spanish censorship has recently allowed the press to report friendly talks in Paris between Count de Motrico, the Spanish Ambassador, and Soviet Ambassador Vinogradov. The Madrid evening *Pueblo* headlined the event and other newspapers noted that diplomatic relations maintained by Spain with countries of the Communist bloc, particularly Poland and Czechoslovakia, helped Spanish trade. They were also allowed to report that economic missions are to be exchanged between Moscow and Madrid. The trend in Spain is toward the Gaullist position of independence of Washington.

The President's Plan for Urban America

President Johnson's housing message to Congress outlined a comprehensive new strategy for dealing with America's urban mess. The strategy is four-fold. Mr. Johnson would:

- ▶ help bring order into the suburban sprawl, conserve open space and relieve commuter traffic;
- ▶ make downtown urban renewal more acceptable by further easing the burden of the people whom the bulldozers displace;
- ▶ begin to "scatter" the poor in rehabilitated existing buildings rather than concentrate them in dreary public housing projects;
- ▶ assure better coordination and execution with a cabinet-level Department of Housing and Community Development and by training more planners.

The surprise in the message is the proposal to give federal assistance to what the British call "New Towns." In the President's words, these "entirely new communities" would accommodate a significant part of future urban growth and be "complete with all public services [and] all the industry and commerce needed to provide jobs."

The worldwide New Town movement has only very recently caught on in this country, with some timid, privately-sponsored beginnings. Their trouble is that private developers rarely find the money for anything but expensive homes, apartments and country clubs. Johnson would provide federal assistance to the states and local governments to draw up the comprehensive plan, buy land, lay sewers, build schools, etc., to provide "sufficient housing and cultural and recreational facilities for moderate- and low-income families as well as the well-to-do."

The President's promise to make racially-integrated housing a "meaningful practice" could go a long way toward opening up our miserable Negro ghettos downtown. Downtown rebuilding, meanwhile, would continue at approximately the going rate. By summer the Urban Renewal Administration will have committed all of the \$4 billion authorized by the Housing Act of 1961. Mr. Johnson would spend a further \$1.4 billion in the next two years.

The President acknowledges that "the human cost of relocation remains a serious and difficult problem." A total of 157,000 families have been displaced by urban renewal – currently 20,000 a year. Add at least twice that number displaced by highways and other public action. The majority of these people are poor – why else would they live in houses that must be

cleared? – and fully two-thirds of them are Negroes.

"For some," acknowledged the President, relocation "has meant only another slum dwelling and the likelihood of repeating the experience." As one remedy he advocates paying needy, displaced families a two-year subsidy to obtain standard housing. But this doesn't increase the supply of low-income housing. Public housing to date has accommodated only 17 percent of the displaced. Mr. Johnson's request for 50,000 new units a year for four years – also about the current rate – will scarcely reduce present waiting lists. But he would help those displaced people who can't afford even public-housing rents by paying local housing authorities an additional \$120 a year per unit for taking them in. He also asks Congress to make indigent single persons – the inhabitants of "skid row" – eligible for public housing.

A serious problem is that a number of eligible, displaced families refuse to move into public-housing projects. Of 500 families relocated from Boston's West End, for instance, 74 percent said they didn't want to live in public housing. Their criticism of these institutional-looking ghettos of poverty was no less emphatic than that of the real-estate boards and apartment builders who denounce them as "socialism."

There are two answers. One is to assure that public-housing projects are more attractively and thoughtfully designed. The other answer is to have public housing either buy or lease existing buildings which are more like the houses and the neighborhoods that people like and are used to. Johnson would buy and rehabilitate 50,000 such units, and lease 40,000 per year.

This idea has great potentials, both for our poor and for our cities. It would disperse rather than concentrate people with low incomes; and it would help preserve worthy buildings, streets and neighborhoods. But there are also pitfalls. Philadelphia, which along with some other cities has experimented along these lines, has found that remodeling often turns out to be more expensive than building from scratch. It doesn't pay private owners even with rent subsidies.

Another drawback is that most Americans don't want poor neighbors to move in next to them, particularly if their skin is of another color. The overdue Housing and Community Development Department (a more politic name than Mr. Kennedy's proposed Department of Urban Affairs) would help a great deal.

The President further urges early enactment of the mass transit program which is essential if we are to save our cities as well as decently housing all Americans. Federal assistance to public city transportation would be administered by the new Housing Department. Johnson should also put the Bureau of Public Roads there, for highways must serve, not destroy and displace, housing and people. It is now in the Com-

merce Department, and serves only the automobile, rubber, concrete and heavy construction industries.

The President is not asking for great new expenditures. All he is asking is that Congress give urban America a chance to accommodate its explosive growth in more orderly fashion: there will be 300 million Americans by the year 2000 and nearly all of them will live in towns.

WOLF VON ECKARDT

"The Poor Are Hard To Handle"

Washington Rent Strike

When they have squeezed the last cent from their Negro tenants, some landlords of Washington, D. C., go to the Landlord and Tenant Court to get them put into the street. It is routine business. Few tenants ever show their faces in that Kafkaesque setting where a judge rocks back and forth while the clerk reads out the names of the defendants in one case after another. Occasionally a Negro answers to his name. Then the judge bends slightly forward, and says, "Be sure and pay the rent by Monday," or if he cannot pay it by Monday, "Go up to the [realty] office and see what arrangements you can make."

There is no rent control in Washington, or much enforcement of housing codes. The landlords can let a leaky five-room dump for as much as \$125 a month. If the Negroes ask for improvements, the landlord gets the federal marshals to put them out, saying that he wants to repair the premises. All this means is that a few daubs of paint are applied, and the rent is jacked once more.

On the night of January 16, Lorenzo, the teenage son of Mrs. Katherine Shuler, came into the office of the Non-Violent Action Group (NAG) and said his mother had received word that the federal marshals would put her out in the morning. NAG is the local affiliate of the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee ("Snick") and it is made up of about 120 students, most of them from Howard University. Eugenia Bell, a tall girl with bright eyes, was working that night and she went to 1414 Girard Street N.W. where Mrs. Shuler lives with five children, walked up the dark stairway and waded through the water standing in Mrs. Shuler's apartment. Mrs. Shuler pays \$90 a month for five rooms with kitchen and bath. Whenever it rains her family retreats from three of

them because they are ankle deep in water. The ceilings sag, the electric fixtures hang exposed from the ceiling; there are holes in the walls.

"Of course, it is not a deluxe building," said David Barry, who with his son Francis is the realtor, "but we're not getting deluxe rent." The Barrys say they want to regain possession of the building not so much because Mrs. Shuler owes back rent, which is the cause of her eviction notice, but because it will cost them less to fix it up with her out of the place. Mrs. Shuler says she has tried to find another apartment, but this is difficult since real-estate agents demand a full month's rent in advance. With rents as high as they are, this can amount to more than \$100. The family's monthly income is \$215. If she is put out, Mrs. Shuler says she will be forced to split up the family among relatives.

The students who work with NAG say this sort of treatment must stop. "Snick" says that Mrs. Shuler's rent will be paid, but not until the place is fixed up. The other tenants in the building have been organized, and their rent money committed into escrow. Last week the court ruled against "Snick," but the decision is now to be appealed and in the meantime "Snick" will pay the rent to keep Mrs. Shuler in her apartment. The eventual hope is that the courts will not permit evictions until the apartments have been repaired. Tenants in other Barry buildings are being organized also.

The Barrys handle six more buildings in Washington. One young woman lives with nine other people in two rooms that cost \$65 a month. She remembers the day she put a crib outside the door while she attempted to clean the place. It was out there for two days, and then one of the Barrys appeared, instructing her that it was against regulations to leave cribs in the hallway, and that he would have to take it off to the junkyard if it wasn't removed.

"I don't know, Mister, whether you've had much dealings with the poorer class of people," says David Barry, reflecting on his work, "but they're an awful hard lot to handle."

In this girl's home there are two couches, a table, one chair and a broken mirror in one room. There is a dim light bulb. Its light reflects upon one piece of art. It is a small crinkled newspaper photograph of Mr. Kennedy which is pasted upon the wall slightly above and to the right of the broken mirror.

In telling the story about the crib, the girl's eyes had brightened and she grew excited. She eagerly took the "Snick" button when it was offered and pinned it on her blue sweater. The pin is white and black and it reads, "We Shall Overcome."

JAMES RIDGEWAY

Wright Patman's Well-Heeled Windmills

You must not think, sir, to catch old birds with chaff. — CERVANTES

Wright Patman, Democrat of Texarkana, Texas, is chairman of the Banking and Currency Committee of the House of Representatives, and has been in Congress for 36 of his 70 years. This ought to make him a gnarled Southern conservative. But no. On most issues, Patman is liberal. When in 1962 he took over the chairmanship from Kentucky Democrat Brent Spence, 87, Patman said the Banking Committee had been "somewhat dormant for a decade or more." Spence had asked Congress for only \$5,000 in investigative funds; Patman boldly asked the House for \$265,000. He got \$185,000 — and went after the banks.

He is holding hearings, and is introducing several bills that call for changes in the Federal Reserve system. "Any federal institution that has not been looked into for nearly 30 years should have a check-up," Patman says.

There is small expectation that Patman will get his way, if only because he does not have the support of all the Democrats on the Banking Committee, far less the Republicans. But, as committee chairman, he is able to call on the chairman of the Federal Reserve Board and the Secretary of the Treasury to testify. Hardly anyone disputes Patman's facts, only the interpretations he puts on them. Sometimes called "the last of the Populists," Patman may be a Don Quixote tilting at windmills; but in the process there emerges many a fascinating detail of how the banking system functions, according to Patman.

For example, the Texas Democrat contends that more than 11,700 commercial banks which pay no interest to the Treasury on federal deposits held by them are receiving a subsidy in the form of "free money," that the banks in turn loan out at the "going commercial rate." Patman contends that this gives the lie to the old saw that you can't get something for nothing. He calls it a bankers' bonanza.

According to Patman, the average amount of government money on deposit with each bank is over \$345,000. Eight banks in New York City — Chase Manhattan, First National City, Chemical Bank, Morgan Bank, Manufacturers Hanover, Bankers Trust, Irving Trust, and Marine Midland — have over \$800 million combined, or more than 20 percent. That is eight banks out of 11,700 have one-fifth of all the money in the tax and loan account.

Patman explains: "What do we mean by a tax and loan account? This is simply United States government money that sits in private commercial banks. The banks earn interest on it, but not the Treasury of the United States. The total amount of such money in private banks, as of mid-October, was \$4.4 billion. Now how did it get there? Several ways. First, when a bank buys government securities, whether for its customers or its own account, the Treasury may permit the bank to pay for the securities without turning the money into the Treasury or the Federal Reserve. Instead, the bank opens an account in the name of the United States Treasury and puts the money into that. In this manner the bank gets to keep the money which is earmarked for the government, and waits for the Treasury to call it into the Federal Reserve. In the meantime, the bank gets interest on the securities which it didn't pay for, but got by creating the deposit that bears no interest. These same securities could have been sold to the Federal Reserve and it wouldn't have cost the people interest.

"A second source of funds in the tax and loan account is income tax payments — not the big, single payment you make at the end of the year that goes straight into the Treasury, but withholding income taxes from payrolls and large quarterly payments made by corporations. This gives rise to probably the most ludicrous situation in the whole relationship between banks and the Treasury. Here the Treasury deposits tax collections in commercial banks and the government receives nothing for them. This same money can be used by the banks to purchase government securities on which the Treasury pays interest. Who benefits from this nonsensical situation: only the commercial banks. Who pays the bill: the poor taxpayer. . . .

"Whenever the Treasury balance of working cash, which is kept in the Federal Reserve banks, gets too low, then they call in tax and loan money, but since it is always coming into the banks as fast as it is going out to the Treasury, even faster, the banks know that they have a juicy subsidy in the form of free money from Uncle Sam. That is, deposits which cost them nothing, but which can be loaned to the public.

"During the fiscal year 1963, there was never any less than \$2 billion sitting there. Sometimes, on the other hand, there has been over \$10 billion, and the average for fiscal year 1963 was \$5.3 billion. The interest for one year on \$5.3 billion at 5 percent is \$267 million.

"Whether the banks are buying securities of the United States government and earning interest on them, or making loans to business concerns and individuals and then collecting interest, they are using the power of the federal government to create the money out of thin air. If anyone else except the Fed-

eral Reserve did this, he would be arrested for counterfeiting, and rightly so, but the banks do it every day."

Much of Patman's ire is directed at Mr. Edwin F. Neilan, president of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, who has criticized Congress for waste and extravagance. Neilan is also president of the Bank of Delaware, which, according to Patman, has millions of federal money on deposit, which is loaned out to the citizens of Wilmington and the state of Delaware at the going interest rate for commercial banks. About

Neilan, Patman declares: "He is in the tradition of the old sage who was lecturing on the virtues of honesty with the stolen goose up his sleeve. Mr. Neilan wants no federal subsidies going to depressed areas for projects that will put men back to work. No, he says Area Redevelopment is bad for the country—it is destructive of private initiative—it saps the soul of a free nation. But a subsidy to the Bank of Delaware that costs not a penny to Ed Neilan nor to his directors, including a few Dupont stooges, he says that is as it should be."

GLENN CARR

WHY YOUR CHILDREN SMOKE

Can the Cancer Society Combat the Hidden Persuaders?

by Larry Sneed

Three thousand Americans died of lung cancer in 1930; 41,000 in 1962. Because the tobacco industry has been so largely successful in confusing the issue, little effective action against smoking has been taken. The US Public Health Service report clearly presented the health dangers of smoking, but it stayed away from making any significant comments at the heart of the issue: Why people smoke in the first place, and why they go on smoking.

People begin to smoke at an early age, largely because of massive advertising. Cigarettes are the fifth most advertised product in the United States (exceeded by food, autos, soaps, drugs and cosmetics). People start smoking when they are children. Few smoke before the age of 12, but, by the time they are seniors in high school, between 40 to 55 percent of children have been found to be smokers.

The main reason people continue smoking was not made clear by the government study, although it certainly is well enough known in the tobacco business. Smokers become habituated to nicotine and require a certain amount of it each day to satisfy their craving. The need for a daily dose of nicotine is so strong that most of the nation's 70 million cigarette smokers simply refuse to quit, lung cancer or not. Stopping smoking makes you feel miserable. Reactions vary. As the gov-

ernment report explains: "These may be manifest in some persons as an increased nervous excitability, such as restlessness, insomnia, anxiety, tremor, palpitation, and in others by diminished excitability, such as drowsiness, amnesia, impaired concentration and judgment, and diminished pulse."

To protect his habit, the nicotine addict develops a smoker's rationalization, such as, "I've got to die of something so why not lung cancer?" or "Somerset Maugham is 90 and he still smokes" or "My job is too tense; I can't quit now." Sustaining smokers' rationalization has always been the major goal of the tobacco industry's public relations and advertising effort. Cigarette advertising consistently has endeavored to imply the healthfulness of its product, by associating cigarettes with robust young people, including athletes, adventurers and pilots. Ads are particularly persuasive with children. Dr. Paul Lemkau of Johns Hopkins University has said: "There can be no doubt that the ads have a definite effect on starting smoking. They play, naturally, on all the changes that can appeal to the adolescent—glamorous sexuality, rugged maleness, and particularly, the freedom to decide what to do—drive a sports car, go fishing, etc.—as though adulthood were free of responsibilities and restrictions."

In 1953, when several scientific studies were pub-

lished that first put the finger on smoking as a cause of lung cancer, the industry quickly took steps to counter the medical critics. It formed the Tobacco Industry Research Committee (TIRC), which in turn formed a Scientific Advisory Board. By this maneuver, the TIRC blurred the issue and provided fuel for more smokers' rationalization. Since the first health scare in 1953, cigarette consumption has risen 25 percent, advertising has increased by 200 percent, and deaths from lung cancer have more than doubled.

The biggest smokers' rationalization of them all, of course, has been the filter cigarette. In 1952, the year before the first health scare, Americans smoked 1.3 percent filter cigarettes. By 1956, filters had 27.6 percent of the market, and by 1962 they had 54.6 percent.

The tobacco industry was hurt by the Public Health Service report's failure to provide an endorsement for filter cigarettes. Several companies already had marketed new brands employing activated charcoal filters, which apparently are going to be the newest device for encouraging smokers' rationalization. In the weeks ahead, the cigarette makers can be expected to fight for more recognition of filters. Senator Cooper, Republican of Kentucky, already has asked Dr. Terry for clarification on this matter (Kentucky, North Carolina and Virginia produce most of the cigarettes sold in America). Meanwhile, tobacco industry spokesmen have continued to confuse the issue by ignoring the fact that the report has condemned cigarettes.

Almost all the cigarettes sold in the United States are made by six large companies: R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., American Tobacco Co., P. Lorillard Co., Philip Morris Inc., Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., and Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co. Two of them, Philip Morris and Reynolds have diversified slightly. Philip Morris sells razor blades, shaving cream and chewing gum, which account for about 20 percent of total sales. At the end of 1962, Reynolds, the largest tobacco company, bought Pacific Hawaiian Products Co. of Fullerton, Calif., maker of Hawaiian Punch. Reynolds also makes some aluminum packaging products. And the company now is testing, for Pacific Hawaiian, a fruit-flavored swizzle stick called King Stir. Reynolds also wants to sell Lawnscape, a tobacco by-product designed to improve grass. American Tobacco, maker of Roi-Tan Cigars, is the only company with a big stake in cigars.

Cigarettes are much more expensive than they would be if the government did not support the industry. It helps tobacco men by restricting acreage and propping prices. More than 750,000 farm families, some three million Americans in all, work the tobacco farms. The average farm is small, just over two acres. Almost all the work is done by hand as it was 50 years ago. The government support program ensures these small farms an income.



Living Dangerously

An agricultural engineer who specializes in the mechanization of the tobacco business has said that if tobacco production were mechanized and the crop confined to large farms, tobacco would not be much more expensive than alfalfa. Alfalfa sells for \$30 to \$50 a ton. Tobacco brings between \$1,000 and \$1,200 a ton.

The Federal Trade Commission may stick a warning on each pack of cigarettes, but if past experience here and in Britain is any indication, people will keep on smoking in droves. The cigarette companies may want to have the packages marked with a cancer warning. It might take them off the hook in future law suits involving cancer victims.

The American Cancer Society now is going to try to persuade children, through advertising, that people who smoke are squares and finks. Pictures of such athletes as Bob Mathias and Jackie Robinson will be posted up around the school. They will say, "I don't smoke."

Meanwhile, the Van Nuys Young Democratic Club in California is sponsoring a bumper sticker that declares, with intended irony:

**I'M DYING FOR
A CIGARETTE.**

The War on Poverty

by Gunnar Myrdal

Having to live with large pockets of poverty-stricken people in their midst is not a new experience in the American nation. Right from slavery the masses of Negroes formed such pockets, both in the rural South and in the cities South and North. Such pockets were also formed by other colored people who immigrated to work as laborers from Asia, Mexico and Puerto Rico. Most American Indians in their reservations were also poor and isolated as they are today. There were also, as there are still, pockets of "poor whites," ordinarily of old American stock, who lived by themselves in abject poverty and cultural isolation.

I believe it is important to have in our minds this broad picture of the historical reality of American poverty as a background to the discussion of the problems facing us today. The regular, prosperous Americans have become accustomed to living with unassimilated groups of people in their midst, about whom they know in a distant and general way that they are very poor. The fact that in earlier times they themselves lived under the risk of being thrown out of work and losing their livelihood, if only temporarily, made it easier for them to feel unconcerned about the people who more permanently were enclosed in the pockets of poverty. Otherwise, the existence of all this poverty in the midst of progressive America stood out in blunt contradiction to the inherited and cherished American ideals of liberty and equal opportunity, as these ideals increasingly had been interpreted, particularly since Franklin D. Roosevelt and the New Deal.

Automation and other changes are all the time decreasing the demand for unskilled and uneducated labor. Standards are rising fast even in household and other menial work. Something like a caste line is drawn between the people in the urban and rural slums, and the majority of Americans who live in a virtual full-employment economy, even while the unemployment rate is rising and the growth rate of the economy is low. Except for a lower fringe, they experience a hitherto unknown security, for it is a tacit understanding in America, as in the rest of the Western world, that a recession will never again be permitted to develop into anything like the Great Depression. But there is an underclass of people in the poverty pockets who live an ever more precarious life and are increasingly excluded from any jobs worth having, or who do not find any jobs at all.

I want to stress one important political fact. This underclass has been, and is largely still, what I have been accustomed to call the world's least revolutionary proletariat. They do not organize themselves to press for their interests. The trade union movement comprises only about one-fourth of the workers, mostly its upper strata who in the main belong to the prosperous majority. To a relatively higher extent than normally they do not register and vote at elections – even apart from the large masses of Negroes in the South who are prevented from doing so.

In very recent times we have seen one important break of this empirical rule of the political apathy of the poor in America. I am, of course, referring to the rebellion of the Negroes in Southern and Northern cities. Without any doubt, this is a true mass movement – so much so that the Negro leaders in the upper and middle class have had to run very fast to remain in the lead, as have, on the other side of the fence, the Administration and other whites responsible for American policy.

I am not at this time going into the question of how this movement, so exceptional to what has been the pattern of passivity on the part of the poor in America, has come about. But I should mention two things about which I am pretty sure. One is my belief that the outbreak of this rebellion just now is not unconnected with the high and, as a trend, rising rate of unemployment, which as always runs much higher – about double – for Negro workers than for whites. Another thing of which I am convinced is that this movement will not abate unless very substantial reforms are rapidly undertaken to improve the status in American society of its Negro citizens. I am optimistic enough to forecast that in the next 10 years the Negroes will get legal rights equal to the white majority, and that these will be enforced. What will still be needed are, in particular, social sanctions to defend the Negroes' equal opportunities to employment, against the resistance of trade unions more than employers and the business world, particularly big business. And even when all this is accomplished, the Negro masses will nevertheless continue to suffer all the lasting effects of the disabilities and disadvantages of their poverty, their slum existence and their previous exclusion from easy access to education and training for good jobs.

Indeed, it is easy to understand why some of the

Negro leaders, and some white liberals, are now raising the demand for a new Marshall Plan to make good the effects of the maltreatment in America of the Negroes from slavery and up till this day. Nevertheless, I am convinced that this demand for a discrimination in reverse, *i.e.*, to the advantage of the Negroes, is misdirected. Nothing would with more certainty create hatred for Negroes among other poor groups in America, who have mostly been their bitterest enemies as they have been the only ones who have felt them as competitors. Moreover, special welfare policies for Negroes are not very practical. Negro housing cannot very well be improved except as part of a plan to improve the housing situation for poor people in general. The same is true of education. Special welfare policies in favor of the Negroes would strengthen their exclu-

SWEDISH UNCLE

Ever since he published *An American Dilemma*, 20 years ago, the Swedish economist Gunnar Myrdal, 66, has been accepted as a sort of wise and benevolent uncle by Americans. It is said of Dr. Myrdal that Americans will willingly listen to harsh things from him that would anger them coming from almost anyone else.

Last week, Dr. Myrdal flew in from Stockholm to open a conference on "Poverty-in-Plenty" that marked the 175th anniversary of Georgetown University in Washington, D. C. Refining and elaborating some of the arguments in his recent book, *Challenge to Affluence* (Pantheon), Dr. Myrdal chided the US for being the rich country that preserves pockets of poverty through outmoded fiscal practices, and consequently has the worst slums and is least generous in giving economic security to its senior citizens, its children and its sick.

sion from the main stream of American life, while what the Negroes want is to have equal opportunities.

What America needs is a Marshall Plan to eradicate poverty in the nation. This is a moral imperative. The unemployed, the underemployed and the now unemployables are also America's biggest wastage of economic resources. The poor represent a suppressed demand which needs to be released to support a steady rapid growth of American production. The goals of social justice and economic progress thus are compatible. A rapid steady economic growth is impossible without mobilizing the productive power of the poor and clothing their unfilled needs with effective demand. The existence of mass poverty in the midst of plenty is a heavy drag on the entire economy.

The statistics on unemployment in America do not tell the whole story. Besides the four million unemployed there are the workers who are only part-time employed, those who have given up seeking work, and

all the underemployed. It is an ominous fact that even the prolonged upturn in production from 1961 and onward has not implied a substantial decrease in the rate of unemployment. Nobody seems to expect that the continuation of the present boom will bring down unemployment to a level that could be considered even to approach full employment. And nobody assumes that there will not be a new recession, if not this year then the next. It is reasonable to expect that the unemployment rate will then reach a new high point. There are definite signs that the trend is rising.

For this there are explanations. I believe it is important to stress that none of the specific explanations put forward makes a rising trend of unemployment inevitable, or could by itself prevent the attainment of full employment. Only in conjunction with each other do these influences have the present disastrous result. If in the Sixties exceptionally many young workers enter the labor market, this should not necessarily mean more unemployment. Production could expand rapidly enough to absorb them, and all the new workers could have been properly educated and trained so that they fitted the demand for labor as it has been changing. Long ago, Professor Alvin Hansen and other economists, including myself, used to think that in rich countries, where capital is plentiful, a rapid population increase would rather act as a spur to expansion. It would stimulate the demand for new housing and all the goods and services accessory to housing, and for new schools, teachers, and productive capacity.

Likewise, automation should not by itself lead to unemployment if output expanded enough and the labor force were adjusted to fit the change in demand, caused by automation itself among other things. There are countries with full employment that have an equally rapid pace of automation. There, automation is viewed as driven forward by the scarcity of labor and as resulting in higher productivity of labor, higher earnings and a rising consumers' demand for products and services: in America, as a cause of unemployment.

Our Changing Society

What type of society are we moving toward in the modern rich countries? A continually smaller part of our total labor force will be needed in agriculture, manufacturing industry, heavy transport, distribution of commodities, banking and insurance. If we could countervail Parkinson's law, which for various reasons is working with particular force in America, even many sectors of public service would demand less labor.

It is the serious lag in adjusting the education and training of our labor force to the needs of this new society which is the general cause of the situation where we have serious overemployment in some sectors of

our economy, at the same time as there is an uncomfortably large and growing residue of structural unemployment and underemployment that cannot be eradicated by an expansion of our production that is feasible.

Against this background it is easy to establish the broad lines of the policies that we will have to apply in order to cure our economic ailments. Huge efforts will have to go into education and vocational training, not only on the higher levels but on the level of grade schools and high schools. Particularly will we have to lift the level of elementary education for the poor people in the urban and rural slums, who are not now getting an education that fits them to the labor market. We must at the same time undertake the retraining of the older workers who are continuously thrown out of jobs without having the abilities to find new ones in our changing society.

I see it as almost a fortunate thing that America has such vast slums in the big cities and smaller ones in the small cities; so many dwellings for poor people that are substandard; so many streets that need to be kept cleaner; such crying needs for improved transport. To train unskilled workers to do such jobs should be easier than to make them teachers or nurses.

Increased Public Spending

It should be stressed, however, that a primary condition for success is rapid and steady economic expansion of the national income. Without an increased demand for labor, no efforts for training and retraining workers on a mass scale can succeed. This is the important argument for the view that expanding the economy is the essential thing. Expansion is, in a sense, the necessary condition for any effort to readjust the supply of different types of labor to demand.

A common characteristic of all the reforms directed at raising the quality of the labor force and eradicating poverty in the midst of plenty is that the increased expenditure will be public expenditure. Even when poverty is gone, when there is little or no unemployment or underemployment, a relatively much larger part of the nation's needs will have to be met by collective means. In the future society toward which we are moving, where our productive efforts will increasingly have to be devoted to the care of human beings, health, education, research and culture, and to making our local communities more effective instruments for living and working, public spending will be an ever larger part of total spending. This is because it is not very practical and economical, and in most cases not even possible, to rely on private enterprise for filling these types of demands.

This brings up the problem of balancing or not balancing the federal budget. Large sections of the

public and Congress hold, on this question, an opinion that has no support in economic theory and is not commonly held in other advanced countries: that, in principle, expenditures of the federal budget should be balanced by taxation.

A recent experience from my own country Sweden must seem curiously up-side-down to Americans. In a situation of threatening overfull employment and inflationary pressure, the Swedish social democratic government, which has been in power almost a third of a century, felt that it needed to put on brakes, and decided to raise taxation to a level where, for a while, we actually had a balanced budget in the American sense. The political parties to the right of the party in power criticized the government fiercely for overtaxing the citizens, and insinuated that this was a design to move our economy in a socialistic direction, by robbing the citizens and private business of the funds they needed. So differently can the problem of balancing the budget appear in two otherwise very similar countries. In fact, you have examples nearer at hand. When the railroads were built in America, the federal government favored the railroad companies in various ways, which occasionally broke the rule of balancing the budget.

The analogy that a nation must handle its purse strings with the same prudence as an individual is false. An individual is not in the position to borrow from himself. Moreover, if the implication is that the government should not borrow even for productive purposes, it is a rule which no private householder follows, or should follow, if he is wise and prudent. And we know that there has been a huge increase, both absolutely and relatively, of private borrowing by business as well as by consumers.

This does not mean that Congress should not carefully weigh each dollar that is spent and each dollar that is taken in by taxation or other means. But the weighing should be in terms of progress and welfare for the nation. I can see no virtue in America having decreased its national debt in postwar years to half its size compared with the national income, while abstaining from undertaking a great number of public expenditures that would have been highly productive from a national point of view. America has been satisfied for a whole decade with a rate of growth of only a little more than one percent per head, and with unemployment rising to the present high level. In the interest of public enlightenment I would wish my American colleagues to spend a little more of their time disseminating some simple truths about budget balancing and related issues. America cannot afford to remain the rich country that has the highest rate of unemployment, and the worst and biggest slums, and which is least generous in giving economic security to its old people, its children, its sick people and its invalids.

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

Why Mailer Wants to be President

by Richard Gilman

It is possible to regard Norman Mailer as one of the prices we pay for widespread literacy. By the same token, it is possible to escape his presence by shrinking the area of your own literacy, by never looking at *Esquire*, being highly selective about *Commentary*, *Dissent*, *The Village Voice* and *The New York Review of Books*, giving a wide berth to Carnegie Hall and the

The Presidential Papers
by Norman Mailer
(Putnam; \$5)

YMHA on certain evenings when you are in New York, not reading a newspaper for fear of coming upon another chapter of the life-story, and in general making your way back to a simpler world in which the extreme limits of the ego were defined by field-marshals and dictators, not writers.

Yet the world is rampant with Communication and the publishing of the Self, and Mailer may be suppressed but not the phenomenon which he represents and incarnates most aggressively, but to which we all contribute. Beyond that, there is a suspicion that with the relief would come an absence, that it is worth staying open to Mailer, allowing ourselves, for the sake of what is harshly exemplary or paradoxically instructive in him, to remain exposed to his messianism, autocanonizations, tantrums, head-stands, stripteases and deteriorating prose.

But if we have ever taken Mailer seriously and decide to continue to do it, that is to say prevent ourselves from yielding to the temptation of freezing him, like a sabre-toothed tiger, in those narrow but genuine literary accomplishments which seem now to have been produced in another age, we have to make the rules and not let him do it. If we are to see him as alive and present and obnoxious but still val-

uable, we have to take him with a seriousness which starts from another ground and is differently informed from the seriousness with which he takes himself. And this means that we have to try to see him as he ferociously—and understandably—refuses to see himself: as a product as much as an originator; as an agent of confusion as much as a clarifier; as an unliberated liberator and an afflicted physician; and, finally, as an unconscious and ironically proceeding benefactor whose boons to us reside at least as much in what he has failed to do as in what he has achieved.

In *The Deer Park* Mailer wrote that "part of a man's style is what he thinks of other people and whether he wants them to be in awe of him or to think of him as an equal." There has never been any doubt that Mailer wishes us to be in awe of him, just as there should not have been any doubt that for all his rage against America he is held more tightly than any of his contemporaries in the grip of one of her chief horrors and blasphemies: the cult of success. It is not simply that he manages and promotes his career as though it were a movie star's; in his work, in the center of his journalism and even of his imaginative vision, success is the touchstone. Sex, love, violence, metaphysics, morality, even consciousness are winners or losers, nothing is ever allowed its ambiguous existence in a region beyond such judgments, and this is an origin of his own supreme unrest.

To win absolutely or lose everything, such are the stakes Mailer has always played for. If it has therefore become impossible for us to respond to him freely as an artist or a thinker among others, reserving our notions of victory or defeat for wars, business enterprises and seductions, it is clearly because he will not let us. Out of his invincible

and programmatic confusion of art and life, he has changed the game, compelling us, through intimidation, a finger on our guilt, a bait to our secret envy and frustration, to swallow him whole or risk starvation. He has made the man coterminous with the work, justifying it by his mere existence and requiring it to justify him, everything, all fevers, faults, terrors, hungers, discoveries, encounters, accuracies and contradictions, being fused in a new species of cultural activity, an institution parallel to and at war with all our others. He has made first literature and now politics a choice between himself and everything else.

No writer of our time is less receptive to the ideas of others (unless they are dead and hence non-competitive, and then without acknowledgement), just as none tells us more about his own, however irrelevant to the matter at hand. Mailer has an enormous stake in remaining absolutely *sui generis*, pitching his tent entirely apart from the intellectual community and thereby living out of reach of the pressures and responsibilities—the recognition of limitations and of the need for reciprocity—of its interchanges. "I hate everything that is not in myself," says Croft, the steely, mystically brutal sergeant in *The Naked and the Dead*, whom Mailer has declared was the character he felt most closely identified with and whom, in one guise or another, he has continued to emulate in his frenetic assault on what exists.

Great prophets, true visionaries live apart and assail what is outside themselves if it is a betrayal, and they are ultimately blessed for it—it is what makes for revolutions in consciousness, the way intellectual community makes for consolidation and continuity—but Mailer has never been able to convince more than a coterie that he is one of them. That this is true, that he has publicly existed as an *enfant terrible*, a gang-leader, a big-game hunter or the man who turns the party dangerous, but never as a hero or a seer, is one

source of his misery and of his compulsive return to the attack, and it is a central way to understand him in his present incarnation as pundit and would-be president.

For us to crack the institutional walls, to become able to criticize, which is to say understand Mailer in these latter-day roles, instead of either being transfixed by him or outraged into deafness, requires that we accept his having made purely textual criticism impossible. There has not in fact been a real text for years, no freely existing body of thought, but the successive waves of his personality, discharging themselves as opinion, comment and judgment. It has become a commonplace to say that Mailer is more interesting for what he is than for what he says, but the two are mutually illuminating and, more stringently, leave no room for choice.

Mailer has the most intricate methods for preventing us from seeing him truly, and while one of them is his totalitarianism the surprising auxiliary is his self-exposure. Toward the end of his remarkably sentient but wild account of the first Liston-Patterson fight, after describing how he had thrust himself absurdly into the scene with a cake-walk up to the new heavyweight champion, an imaginary left

hook to his jaw and a claim to be the only man who could make the return about a financial success by handling its publicity, he writes: "Once more I had tried to become a hero, and had ended as an eccentric."

Now it is crucial to Mailer's mystique of preternatural self-sufficiency and his platform of ruthless candor that he always appear to be his own speediest and most unappeasable critic; there is no beating him to the draw whenever he knows – and knows that we know – that he has made himself an especially attractive target. Yet the self-criticism in the Liston piece, like all that which he continually issues as part of the diary he keeps in public, is surely a great deal less candid and thoroughgoing than he would have us think or than he himself knows. It is sincere enough and accurate enough, but it doesn't go to the end and it is useful for something other than its sincerity or accuracy, for something, that is to say, other than self-recognition or a ground for renewal.

Traditional self-criticism on the part of a writer, the kind that leads to spiritual crises, flights into the desert or painful revaluations of style or attitude, is precisely what Mailer never undertakes, certainly not in front of

us, because it is of the essence of his willed thrust against the consciousness of the age that he remain implacable, intransigent and subject to no serious revisions from within. This is indeed one source of his apparitional power, a center of his appeal; in an era of bending spirits, provisional morales and accommodating talents, Mailer holds out the possibility of the self's eventual triumph through stamina, absolutism, Faustian hunger and autonomous light.

Pursuing this, he has become his own tiger whom he holds by the tail. He cannot let go of himself, yet he lives in the middle of the enemy camp. And this is why his self-disparagement must always be read as tactical, a sortie against our credulity, a bit of judo, a maneuver in the campaign for autochthonous being and unmediated selfhood which he has been waging from the beginning of his career against history, the times and the rest of us.

To admit that he has landed again in eccentricity while striving for heroism is to keep the heroic possibility open, to prevent us from blocking it off through ridicule, and, what is more, to gain a new and paradoxical kind of heroic stature through the admission of failure and the acknowledgement of foolishness. It, too, then becomes part of the myth, the legend of Norman-going-to-the-end, of Norman as culprit, victim, prosecutor and judge, which he has so strenuously cultivated, although with nowhere near so much consciousness and deliberation as his dedicated detractors and harriers like to believe.

He is a frequent interloper but he is not an imposter. For what emerges from the Liston piece is Mailer's unconsciousness in the face of his really large idiosyncracies and absurdities, or rather the way he puts them forward as being among the elements of his revolutionary wisdom and revelatory sight. He can come down on himself for the oafish public act, the elbowing of his way into a scene not his own, and it is a critique of behavior which leaves the artist and the seer untouched. But they are the creators of the metaphysical nonsense at the center of the article – the assertion that Patterson's defeat was due to the failure of his supporters to give him enough psychic support, that he was literally

I Sought My Love in Caverns of Ice

I sought my love in caverns of ice.
 Aglow in the middle of the jagged ice she was
 Waiting: rubbed, neat as acorns.
 See that blackbird shake snow off his wing.
 See his red tongue leap, see the beak dart in snow:
 This is the color of the ice action of our love.
 She shouts and in the glazed walls of ice I feel
 The resonant reds of her throat pulse like birds.
 I see her enshrined impeccably.
 Through the glass barriers of ice
 She moves and stretches, her love burns out
 And steams the world jungular green.
 We meet in a raft of light.
 Her smile is warm.
 She says hello and it is as if
 The sun as woman came to earth.
 Rivulets at our feet steam round us.
 We move together into a green wood warm.
 God lightly dusts us with snow.

J. EDGAR SIMMONS

struck down by a "psychic bolt" and not by his opponent – and this goes unchallenged from within.

Mailer describes his own quarrel with James Baldwin as having constituted the spearhead of the defection. But when, ten months later, at a time when that literary and prophetic axis had presumably been patched up and Patterson's more humble followers had had time to recharge their batteries, Liston knocked out Patterson in the first round, thereby giving the thesis a rather deadly blow, there was nothing but silence from its exponent. The suspicion is strong that it is really impossible for Mailer to accept a phenomenon as being in the natural order once he has given it a supernatural explanation and once he has claimed an agency in its unfolding. Liston, it seems abundantly clear, is simply immeasurably stronger, tougher and more skillful than Patterson; but that leaves Mailer confronting a realm of existence which has no need of his intervention in order to proceed and to define itself.

There is something similar at work in his reaction to the assassination of President Kennedy. The death of the man he had been measuring himself against once more brought Mailer to a partial, a tactical humility, while revealing how far along he is in his inability to see his ludicrous side. In his statement Mailer confessed that "what one had written about Kennedy was not reverent" (his increasing use of the impersonal pronoun is no sign of a gaining humility but rather of a swelling sense of institutional grandeur, the writer as Sun-king). But what it turned out he was mourning was the loss of the target, the fact that Kennedy would no longer be around for him to take shots at and thereby improve the atmosphere of political discourse.

It was of course the response we had expected. Mailer had been making it alarmingly clear that he was engaged in defining the President's existence by his own, as in some sense, it is necessary to say, we all were. But we were at a much lower and more innocent level of the game, we had not institutionalized ourselves into an alternative to the President or into his counterpart, and we lacked a mystique and a vehicle for imposing it.

Mailer, on the other hand, had incor-

porated Kennedy into his own mystique at the beginning, having claimed a crucial role in his election, by virtue of the *Esquire* report on the Convention (which, like the Liston essay, is an amalgam of brilliant reportage, shrewd and often eloquent social analysis, runaway egotism – "One kept advancing the argument that this campaign would be a contest of personalities, and Kennedy kept returning the discussion to politics" – and cabalistic reverie. And since then he had been making a new career of addressing the man in office in the manner of a temporarily exiled Nestor, with a lofty condescension to his utterances which spoke of his conviction that the real center of political wisdom, if not of immediate power, lay in Brooklyn Heights and not in Washington.

This is what is so characteristic of Mailer, that he feels himself to be not simply at the center of whatever he is undertaking, the way other mortals feel whose talents make them aware that they have the power to affect the conduct and quality of existence, but the center itself, hotter than the sun. Out of this blaze of centrality issues unexampled political truth, keenest literature and social comment, the only quest for authenticity, the only life of heroic violence, the single siege being laid to a new morality and the unparalleled hunting down of the devil as a preliminary to trapping God.

Having arrogated the center to himself, Mailer has succeeded in obscuring the very notion of periphery, of marginal discovery and fragmentary truth. Even more, by declaring himself to be in possession of the answers, with a strangle-hold upon them, he has made it almost impossible for us to see that his true significance lies in the questions, unanswered and perhaps unanswerable, that he has raised. His work is not a finality but an incipience, with everything precarious, unknown, inconstant and insubstantial that this implies.

Yet he mistakes himself and nowhere so disastrously as in his self-licensing as a force. For one is either a mover and shaker or one is not. To insist on being one imposes a fearful strain which inevitably withers and scatters the powers one does have. "I am imprisoned with a perception," Mailer

told us in *Advertisements for Myself*, "which will settle for nothing less than making a revolution in the consciousness of our time." Yet rather than devoting all his energy to doing it, to producing solid and irresistible works that will do it, he continually claims it, with a growing desperation that can only have the result of making us think that somewhere he knows that he has failed.

And of course he has failed, he has not made anything like a revolution in our consciousness, but rather has produced a splash upon its surface. If he would be content with knowing it we would tell him that it has been a splash whose effect has been to have made us more aware of the depths. But he cannot be content with that,

FREE!

with trial subscription,
the current issue of

Commentary

the distinguished independent
journal of thought and opinion
sponsored as a public service by
the American Jewish Committee.

which includes:

GERMAN CATHOLICISM, THE VATICAN AND THE JEWS: 1925-1945, by Guenter Lewy. Why Pope Pius XII never issued a public protest against the Nazi assault on the Jews. A 12,000 word, meticulously documented account based on Dr. Lewy's original researches into Vatican and German archives and papers in Bonn and Washington.

TWO STORIES, by the great Russian-Jewish master, Isaac Babel, never before translated into English.

THE MEANING OF NEGRO STRATEGY, by David Danzig. How the Negro bloc of yesterday has become the mass movement of today. A specialist in ethnic politics answers in terms of a continuing pattern in American history.

If not pleased with free issue let us know within 10 days and your subscription will be cancelled. This offer is for new subscribers only.

COMMENTARY, Dept. NR-49

165 East 56th St., New York, N.Y. 10022

Please send, free, the next issue of COMMENTARY. In addition, enter my name for a 9-month trial subscription for \$2.70. I may cancel after first free issue and you will send no bill.

Name

Address

City/Zone State

☐ EXTRA ISSUE! Enclose \$2.70 now and we will extend your subscription to ten months. Same cancellation with full refund.

any more than a child can be content with knowing that he has had an effect on us but that we retain our independent and pre-existing being. What the child has then to do is grow and set among us a being of its own, equal to ours, perhaps superior; and what an ambition for revolution has to do is create the revolution, through works and acts that embody it. And Mailer, for all the rebelliousness he has set going and the air he has enlivened, has given us works and deeds that are too few, too limited, too erratic, problematic, fallacious, derivative or self-serving for any true revolution to have sprung from them.

"It is my present and future work which will have the deepest influence of any work being done by an American novelist in these years." Mailer wrote this about himself five years ago; it was not true then, it is not true now, and the chances of its ever becoming true grow more remote with every new installment of the incredible novel he is publishing serially in *Esquire*. He has had much less technical and imaginative influence than Salinger, Bellow, Malamud or Nabokov, to name only the most obvious, only one of his works of fiction, *The Deer Park*, having made any kind of place for itself in literary consciousness. But if he is essentially a traditional novelist who has done almost nothing to influence style in fiction, having neither innovated nor carried any existing mode to the end, he has made it plain that whatever his gifts his true commitment is not to style, to literary procedure or to art itself.

For Mailer, as Diana Trilling has pointed out, is at bottom a writer who radically mistrusts art. Its effects are too slow and impalpable, it recommends itself in place of history, but what is most crucial, it tends to become a surrogate for the artist's own life and thus inhibits action and eventually replaces it. Twentieth-Century consciousness is full of knowledge or suspicion

of such a conflict, which may be discovered whenever the notion of art as total fulfillment is abandoned. In literature it has been at the center of self-consciousness: Proust raised his epic novel as the exact and legendary replacement for his life; Mann struggled perpetually between the alternatives and made their relationship a major theme of his work; Yeats said simply and implacably: "the intellect of man must choose perfection of the life or of the work."

Mailer has been a small, reverberant arena of the conflict, which he has not been able thus far either to physically resolve or to assuage by turning it into a motif. He has in fact not allowed himself to recognize its true dimensions, although, characteristically, he has seen and reported on its surface.

At a turning point in his career, as he wrote in *Advertisements for Myself*, he came to feel that "it was more important to be a man than a very good writer." But as the same book demonstrates, what he set out to do was to try to become a bigger man, through an extension of experience, in order to then become an even better writer, though one of a different kind. He had behind him the early and enormous but misleading success of *The Naked and the Dead*, the debacle of *Barbary Shore* and the equivocal and debilitating triumph—minor successes both of esteem and scandal—of *The Deer Park*. Such effect as he had had was imponderable, a seepage into the public consciousness and no stick to its recalcitrance; and he was losing his being in the spinning out of that substance which he urgently needed to bestow upon the world as heavy, solid, inescapable truth.

From then on, with only the most sporadic and abortive returns to imaginative writing, but covering himself with the announcement that he had an immense new novel in gestation, he began to evolve into an artist-actor, into a quotidian prophet, a commentator as close to his audience as a scoutmaster plunging up the trail with his pack at his heels. He would attempt that "entrance into the mysteries of murder, suicide, incest, orgy, orgasm and Time," through a supremely ambitious yet hot-handed kind of journalism which could proceed without the

screens and obliquities of art.

His literary reputation, or rather his fame and the aura of danger and aggression that surround his literary personality, gave him a launching place. In the columns he wrote for *The Village Voice* and the pieces for *Dis-sent*, both of which journals he had a hand in founding, he took up directly all those themes which had occupied him implicitly in his fiction or, more often, for which he had not been able to shape an imaginative mode: the deadness of American life, the imprisonment and suffocation of the ego, the radical need for a new basis of morality which would incorporate extremity, danger and perversion, the quest for heroism and apocalypse through sex and violent epiphanies, and finally the liberating role of the Negro, the hipster and what he chose to call "existentialism."

It is this latter triad of motifs—the Negro as postmoral man, the hipster as contemporary hero, and existentialism as weapon and deliverance—that has come to subsume all of Mailer's concerns and that stands forth as the triple ground where his followers find him most energizing but where, from a vantage point outside the mystique, his capacity for evocation and for the destruction of stereotypes is seen to clash most angrily with his limited powers of analysis and his solipsistic thinking about the world.

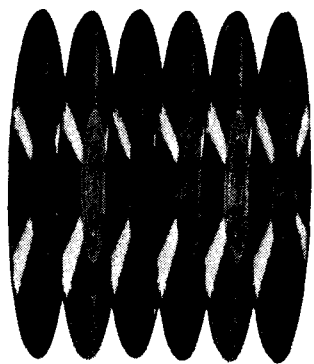
It is an opaque region, filled with fragmentary knowledge, acute insights in isolation, brilliant descriptions and courageous confrontations, but also with misconceptions, romantic fallacies, grotesque theories and an unwearying ascription of universal meaning to what are clearly idiosyncratic notions. And everywhere it gives off a sense of the ego more and more unable to distinguish between itself and the object of its attention, of the self rejecting limits and feverish for change, so that frustrated, swollen, violent and inconsolable, it mistakes its dream for reality and its malady for salvation.

Jean Malaquais has described Mailer's ideas about Hip as a "gorgeous flower of his romantic idealism," but we have yet to see how pervasively romantic Mailer is, how his reading of the world continually converts data into wish-fulfillments and other existences into preparations for or deputies

Besiege your bookseller for a copy of the only publication devoted exclusively to the excitement, the wonder, the news of new books. Or send us \$5 for 24 terrific issues.

BOOKS

598 Madison Avenue
New York City 10022



NEVER AGAIN will you see this amazing offer— 6 RECORDS for \$8.84 only

Louisville Orchestra Records advance to \$9.86 each on February 29

As of February 29, the price of Louisville Orchestra First Edition Records goes up to \$9.86 each to new subscribers. Until then, you can get six records for only \$8.84 by subscribing now to take six additional First Edition Records in the next year, at \$8.84 each (the 12 records thus averaging only \$5.16 each). *This is positively the last offer at the old rates.*

First Edition Records are fine Hi-Fi recordings of contemporary symphonic music — original works written by today's leading composers. These works are played by the outstanding Louisville Orchestra, conducted by famed Robert Whitney.

Make no mistake about it — there are no other records like Louisville Orchestra First Edition Records. The music is recorded by Columbia Record Productions. It is played and interpreted as the composer intended on 12" long-playing Hi-Fi records.

Critics have praised First Edition Records to the skies:

"... a service to music unequalled."
Christian Science Monitor

"... quality higher than critics dared hope."
Time Magazine

"... Louisville commissions enrich European as well as American repertoires. And the value of recordings... would be hard to exaggerate."
New York Times

"'Carter Variations' (#583) is a piece of the first rank in any time and place."
Musical Quarterly

("#574") "Is the greatest American work yet written for voice and orchestra."
Alfred Frankenstein. High Fidelity

"Robert Whitney, Louisville Orchestra maestro, has given more contemporary composers an audience than any musician (or duke, king, emperor or prince) in history."
Arthur Darack

Subscriptions postmarked later than midnight, February 29 will not be entered at the old rate. If you are at all interested in finest recordings of the best contemporary symphonic music, *act now*. The coupon below is for your convenience.

● The first 6 records (all 6 for \$8.84) will be mailed you on receipt of coupon.

● You may discontinue your subscription at any time after purchasing the 6 new releases at \$8.84 each, within one year.

● The 6 new releases, for which you pay \$8.84 each, will be mailed you at intervals of approximately two months (we pay the postage). After purchasing these 6 records at \$8.84 each, you receive a First Edition Record of your choice, free, for every 2 additional selections you buy.

THE LOUISVILLE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY
(A Non-Profit Organization)
Robert Whitney, Conductor

Choose Any Six of These Fine Hi-Fi Recordings of Award-Winning Compositions,
Brilliantly Played By One of the Nation's Outstanding Symphony Orchestras

5451 PAUL CRESTON: Invocation and Dance. HEITOR VILLA-LOBOS: Overture: "Down in a Tropical Forest." HALSEY STEVENS: Triskelion. 5452 HENRY COWELL: Symphony No. 11. ALEXANDER TCHEREPNIN: Suite, Opus 87. BERNARD WAGENAAR: A Concert Overture.

5453 PETER MENNIN: Symphony No. 6. WALLINGFORD RIEGGER: Variations for piano and Orchestra (Benjamin Owen, Pianist). ERNST TOCH: Notturmo.

5454 ALAN HOVHANESS: Concerto No. 7 for Orchestra. MARIO CASTELNUOVO-TEDESCO: Overture to "Much Ado About Nothing." CARLOS SURINACH: Sinfonietta Flamenca.

5455 JACQUES IBERT: Louisville Concerto. GARDNER READ: Toccata Giocosa. OTTO LUENING-VLADIMIR USSACHEVSKY: Rhapsodic Variations for Tape Recorder and Orchestra.

5458 LUIGI DALLAPICCOLA: Variazioni per Orchestra. JOSE PABLO MONCAYO: Cumbres. ULYSSES KAY: Serenade for Orchestra. DARIUS MILHAUD: Overture Mediterraneenne.

54510 ALBERTO GINASTERA: Pampeana No. 3, A Pastoral Symphony. WILLIAM BERGSMAN: A Carol on Twelfth Night. HENRI SAUGUET: Les Trois Lys. ROBERT WARD: Euphony for Orchestra.

563 ERNST KRENEK: Eleven Transparencies. ROBERTO CAAMANO: Magnificat, Op. 20.

566 HENK BADINGS: The Louisville Symphony. BEN WEBER: Prelude and Passacaglia. LEO SOWERBY: All on a Summer's Day.

574 ROGER SESSIONS: "Idyll of Theocritus" for Soprano and Orchestra (Audrey Nossaman, Soprano).

575 NED ROEM: Design for Orchestra. BERNARD REICHEL: Suite Symphonique.

581 ALEXEI HIAIEFF: Ballet in E. NICOLAS NABOKOV: Symbolic Christian for Baritone and Orchestra (William Pickett, Baritone).

582 LOU HARRISON: "Four Strict Songs" for Eight Baritones and Orchestra. PETER JONA KORN: Variations on a Tune from "The Beggar's Opera".

583 ELLIOTT CARTER: Variations for Orchestra. EVERETT HELM: Second Piano Concerto (Benjamin Owen, Pianist).

591 AARON COPLAND: Orchestral Variations. ALFONSO LETELIER: Aculeo, Suite for Orchestra.

601 PAUL BEN-HAIM: "To The Chief Musician". Metamorphoses for Orchestra. WALLINGFORD RIEGGER: Variations for Violin and Orchestra, Op. 71 (Sidney Harth, Violinist).

604 WILLIAM SCHUMAN: Judith, A Choreographic Poem. GIAN-FRANCESCO MALPIERO: Piano Concerto No. 3 (Benjamin Owen, Pianist).

605 PAUL HINDEMITH: Sinfonietta in E. CLAUDE ALMAND: John Gilbert: A Steamboat Overture. DAVID DIAMOND: Overture: "Timon of Athens".

606 BERNARD ROGERS: Dance Scenes. JOAQUIN RODRIGO: Cuatro Madrigales Amatorios: for Soprano and Orchestra (Audrey Nossaman, Soprano). VINCENT PERSICETTI: Serenade No. 5.

611 ELLIOTT CARTER: Symphony No. 1. ALEXEI HIAIEFF: Divertimento. 613 PETER MENNIN: Symphony No. 5. JOAQUIN RODRIGO: Concerto Galante for Violoncello and Orchestra (Grace Whitney, Cellist).

614 ALAN HOVHANESS: Magnificat for Four Solo Voices, Chorus and Orchestra, Opus 157. CHOU WEN-CHUNG: All in the Spring Wind.

615 ALEXANDER TCHEREPNIN: Piano Concerto No. 2 (Alexander Tcherpnin, Pianist). ARTHUR HONEGGER: Suite Archaique.

616 ROBERT KURKA: Symphony No. 2. ROBERT WHITNEY: Concertino.

621 CHARLES IVES: Decoration Day. LOU HARRISON: Suite for Symphonic Strings.

622 HENRY COWELL: Thesis (Symphony No. 15). RODOLFO HALFFTER: Ballet Suite, "La Madrugada Del Panadero" (The Early Awakening of the Baker).

623 HARALD SAEVERUD: Peer Gynt Suite No. 1, Op. 28. GEORGE ROCHBERG: Night Music.

625 ROSS LEE FINNEY: Symphony No. 2. IAIN HAMILTON: Scottish Dances, Op. 32.

626 BENJAMIN BRITTEN: Violin Concerto No. 1, Op. 15 (Paul Kling, Soloist). PAUL BEN-HAIM: Pastorale Variee for Clarinet, Harp & Strings, Op. 31 (James Livingston, Soloist).

631 ZOLTAN KODALY: Symphony (1961). NELSON KEYES: Suite, "Music for Monday Evenings".

633 WALTER PISTON: Concerto for Viola and Orchestra (Paul Doktor, Violist). HALL OVERTON: Symphony No. 2 in One Movement.

635 CARLISLE FLOYD: The Mystery. Five Songs of Motherhood for Soprano and Orchestra (Phyllis Curtin, Soprano). ROBERT SANDERS: Little Symphony No. 1 in G.

636 FRANK MARTIN: Concerto for Violin and Orchestra (Paul Kling, Violinist). ERNEST BLOCH: Proclamation for Trumpet and Orchestra (Leon Raper, Trumpeter). TOSHIRO MAYUZUMI: Pieces for Prepared Piano and Strings (Benjamin Owen, Pianist).

SEND NO MONEY — 6 RECORDS FOR \$8.84 WILL BE MAILED
YOU UPON RECEIPT OF THIS COUPON (UNTIL FEBRUARY 29, 1964)

Richard Wangerin, Manager, LOUISVILLE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY
Suite 17, 830 S. Fourth St., Louisville 3, Ky.

Please enroll me as a subscriber for First Edition Records, and send me the 6 records whose numbers have been circled above. You may bill me a total of \$8.84 for these 6.

which will be mailed to me on every alternate month for one year, at \$8.84 each. (Or I will effect a \$4.04 saving by making a single annual payment of \$57.84 for all 12 records.)

time after purchasing the 6 new releases at \$8.84 each, within the next 12 months, and that you will pay the postage on all records shipped to me. However, if I do not wish to cancel at the end of the first year, I will receive a free bonus record for each 2 new releases I receive thereafter.

I agree to purchase the next 6 new Louisville releases, one of

I understand that I may discontinue this subscription at any

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

THIS OFFER EXPIRES AT MIDNIGHT, FEBRUARY 29, 1964

of his own. Mailer's Hipster and Negro (who are of course frequently the same) are not to be found where he says they are, among us, and this is because they are his own creations. They are his space-men out beyond known society in the region he craves to occupy but from which he is barred by his self-consciousness, his whiteness, and his burden of culture.

They are the selves he would be if he were not his own, singular and autonomous egos sprung from mass-life and psychic undifferentiation by ennui and oppression, the one coolly seeking "a sexual life which will suit his orgiastic needs," the other moving light-footed and exemplary in that area "where all situations are equally valid." Creatures of a dream, they bear resemblances to men we see, but having been brought into being for the dreamer's purposes, they cannot in the end lead their own lives or suffer their own debilities.

At the heart of Mailer's vision of him the Negro dances on the end of

a string whose other end was once attached to notions of "gaiety, rhythm and capacity for spiritual richness." That in Mailer the terms are now extremity, purifying violence and trans-moral, Promethean re-creation, leaves the Negro as unseen as before; what is not known about him when he is converted into a deputy is his truest suffering, his battle to obtain the first creation, the recognized properties which however betrayed are what make the rest of us know ourselves as men. It is our exclusion of him from our simplest condition that destroys the Negro, but for Mailer he must function as the agent of a complex superlife.

So too the Hipster, the self-excluded. For Mailer, Hip "is an exploration into the nature of man, and its emphasis is on the Self rather than society." Go past the foolish crippling dichotomy (everywhere in Mailer the romantic opposition of self and society functions as an intellectually reductive force while at the same time providing him with his momentum) and the point to be made is that such exploration is precisely what the Hipster is incapable of. With his very existence dependent on remaining isolate, un-committed and closed to complexity, with his overwhelming concern being the establishment, through successive hermetic jolts to his senses, of a simulacrum of passionate life, with his finger-tips filed and his antennae raised in order just to survive—the Hipster is the outlaw, the victim and the secessionist, not the adventurer. He is, like his counterpart at the antipodes, the academic, the narrower of consciousness, not its expander, and what he tells us about existence rises unperceived by him from the sterile ironies of his fat.

In the same way that he mistakes the Hipster's victimized and jungle-trained consciousness for a liberation, Mailer inverts the Hipster's psychopathic element and offers it as the sign of a new movement toward authentic being.

But the psychopath, far from being the intrepid Viking of the psychic seas, heroically "trying to create a new nervous system" for himself, is the arrested and agonized victim of precisely that attempt. He is pinioned

and spread-eagled on the field of his own chaos by his rebellion from necessity, his refusal to accept his own nervous system and to allow it to link up with others so that, through the discovery of limitation and debt, he can come to the discovery of equipoise and possibility.

Such is the Hipster-psychopath of actuality. But as a character in the journalistic novel Mailer has been writing—the replacement for the real world in the guise of a description of it—he is the man who makes virtues out of losses and re-grasps his ego in the same terms which have delineated its destruction. "At bottom the drama of the psychopath," Mailer writes, "is that he seeks love. Not love as the search for a mate, but love as the search for an orgasm more apocalyptic than the one which preceded it. Orgasm is his therapy."

Perhaps nowhere in Mailer's entire work is his fundamental contradiction, his furious demand that the world re-constitute the ego out of its own physical substance, his confusion of realms and faculties—love as an orgasm, orgasm as therapy—been so starkly exhibited. But it is the mark of his writing everywhere, the perpetually recurring point at which his energy, courage and hunger for breakthrough run inexorably up against what will not be broken through, the conditions and obligations of existence—finiteness, choice, sacrifice, hierarchy, reciprocity, commitment. Love is mutuality or it is the destruction of itself, therapy is the release from compulsiveness or it is a new accession of sickness. In his dream of an ever-intensifying personal and hermetic apocalypse and an ego wresting its health from the world through rape, Mailer comes eventually to place on the stage a figure who wrestles with impossibility, so that there is no drama but only an anguished sterile dance.

This figure, whatever his designation, this new man placed beyond a dead morality and an exhausted psychic life as its redeemer, remains the chief character in Mailer's surrogate novel, but he has been joined by another, someone we may call the Existential Citizen. "This book has an existential grasp of the nature of reality," Mailer writes in the introduction to his *Presidential Papers*, and if the book has no



Searching, unbiased
report on The Economic
and Social
Revolution of

CUBA

Edited by Dudley Seers,
Director, Division of
Trade and Survey, UN
Economic Commission
for Africa

Supplementing formal research
with a tour of Cuba, visits to
ministers, schools, state farms
and factories a group of experts
attempts to foresee what lies in
store for this island nation. Most
of the information gathered here
is not available elsewhere. \$7.50

at your bookseller or

THE UNIVERSITY OF
NORTH CAROLINA PRESS
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

palpable hero, walking on cat feet through the ante-room to orgasmic salvation or testing himself in psychic corridas in which he is his own bull, it does have a persona. It is that of the new man of social and political sophistication, who lives "with his existential nerve exposed" and asks of the social order that it transcend itself the way art transcends life.

He is the latest incarnation of Mailer's obstinate confusion of states of being and orders of functioning in the world. For although like his Hipster cousin he has been invented as a response to a truly and vigorously perceived condition — the frozen, increasingly inhuman structure of politics and social existence — he too is maimed from the start by the impossible and inauthentic nature of his demand. And the origin of his wound lies in his creator's radical misconception and appropriation for the wrong purposes of that philosophy and form of investigation we know as existentialism.

That is just the point: existentialism is a way of looking at the world and interpreting experience, not a property, an action or a skill. To speak of "living with one's existential nerve exposed" betrays such a far-reaching perversion of meaning that there would be nothing to do but dismiss it were it not for the fact that it is a perversion which exactly follows from Mailer's naïve and addled philosophical bases. For he finds it intolerable that thought and action should remain separate, he is the arch-priest of what we might call applied philosophy, or thought as uppercut, an anathematizer of research and contemplation and an excommunicator of whatever cannot be handled, wielded and made to score. And though existentialism is indeed a way of intellectually proceeding that seeks to reduce the gap between thought and action, it remains a province of the intellect and spirit, not of the nerves or muscles, a light and not a power-plant. Sartre, it has been remarked, does not live existentially, just as Plato never dreamed of pursuing a Platonic existence.

The confusion of realms, one returns to it over and over in Mailer. For what he is asking from politics in these essays, diatribes and calls to order, is what it cannot give; we may speak of

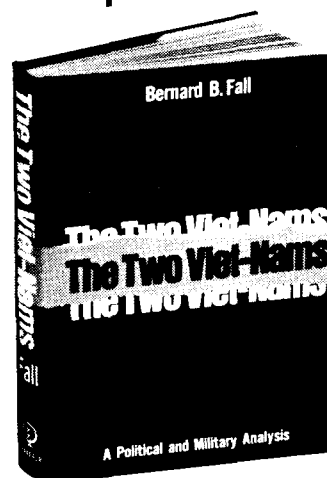
the art of politics but political procedures and truth are not the procedures and truth of art. A president is not "supposed to enrich the real life of his people," he is supposed to protect and preserve it, enrichment being precisely the function of the artist. There is a perennial and necessary tension between the protective and material function of politics and the transcendent and liberating function of art; and it is a tension that Mailer, like all romantics, cannot bear, so that he seeks to dissolve it. And doing this leads him to his most dangerous formulations, including the notion that "existential politics is rooted in the concept of the hero." No, it could not be more wrong: totalitarian politics, mystical politics, the politics of immolation and disastrous ambition are rooted in that concept.

Something else remains true: that his undeniable influence, the fact that he is a guru to certain disciples, has not been due at bottom to the soundness of his thought but to its irreverence, its rebelliousness and its plunges, blind and abortive as they may be, into regions that have not previously been invaded or that have been patrolled by "experts" whose professionalism insures that colonization will never take place.

Beyond that there is an emanation from Mailer, a cloud of discontent which bumps the stagnant heavens into motion. From his dilemmas and better stoppages, his manic dance before the unopening door of power and fecundity and regeneration, there rises a sense of urgency about the crisis we are truly in, the way in which we are fettered and suppressed long before we have come to the tragic limits of human existence. If the descriptions which Mailer has given us of this become the data for his mistaken diagnoses and inadmissible itineraries toward the future, they can also be among the elements of a renewed capacity on our part to confront our lives as they really are and our society as it is really organized.

The poet C. Day-Lewis once wrote that "it is sometimes more valuable to be proved wrong than to be right." Norman Mailer may not take comfort from it, just as he may not find it a relief to discover that he is part of

**2nd large printing...
first-hand and
up-to-date**



"Clearly the most comprehensive and illuminating study yet available in the English language of the total situation in Vietnam."

— HARRY SCHWARTZ, N. Y. Times

ROBERT TRUMBULL, N. Y. Times Book Review: "Should be read by all Americans who are interested in this country's growing stake in the war with the Vietnamese Communists. . . . The uncertain situation following the recent coup d'état gives even greater relevancy to this expert recapitulation of the basic factors behind the headlines."

THE NATION: "Dr. Fall's book is the obvious choice for anyone seeking the relevant background to the dilemma the West now faces in Viet-Nam."

RICHARD STARNES, N. Y. World-Telegram & Sun: "Bernard B. Fall is one of the few authentic experts writing about that fretful part of the world. . . . Clearly the coup that deposed the Ngo family did not take him by surprise."

The Two Viet-Nams

A Political and Military Analysis

by **BERNARD B. FALL**

\$7.95 at your bookstore  **PRAEGER**

the culture and not an alternative to it, but he stands among us as an exemplary instance of what Lewis meant. For by his ludicrous and self-misconstrued colloquies with devils and incubi, and his challenge to a wrestling match issued to the wrong angels but

to angels nevertheless, he has kept the life-lines open. He has not been right but he has been present; and he has given us, by the ironic action of his voracious ego, a new sense of where our own selves are and what we might do to resurrect them.

Tewksbury has comic perceptions and knows how to implement them with his actors, his camera, his cutting, yet there is no sense of desperate break-neck Broadway speed. Many a lesser director of doughy drama has had more praise than Tewksbury is likely to get for his deftness with this trifle.

Rod Taylor, who was a pleasant surprise in *The V.I.P.s*, is no longer a surprise but is still pleasant as the stranger. The brother's apartment is one more of those modest bachelor flats furnished and maintained by an airline pilot with an annual income of \$75,000.

FILMS

Sin Days in New York

We turn again to the subject of performance as distinct from content. The theme of Norman Krasna's play and (now) screenplay, *Sunday in New York*, is something less than negligible: whether or not an unmarried young woman in her mid-twenties should remain a virgin. Physicians tell me that the question is largely as passé in life as it is in art. But, to his credit, Krasna

Sunday in New York (M-G-M)
Love With the Proper Stranger
(Paramount)

has spun a moderately entertaining plot out of it: the perplexed girl from Albany unexpectedly visiting her bachelor-brother, an airline pilot, whose

Sunday-go-to-mating plans she disrupts; her amorous encounter with a stranger; the sudden arrival of her Albany boyfriend and the necessity for lies. All this is garnished with what might be called good slick-magazine dialogue except that slick-magazine fiction, too, is becoming passé.

But two of the persons concerned in this flummery operate on a level that calls for much more serious consideration than the piece itself. The first, of whom I have written before, is Jane Fonda. Her last film, *In the Cool of the Day*, was an insurmountable disaster, but it does not disprove her emotional powers in *The Chapman Report* or her comic powers in *Period of Adjustment* and this film. Miss Fonda has wit even when Krasna doesn't. It is in the immediacy of her voice, her readings of lines, her sharp sense of timing. The combination of her slightly coltish movements and her unpretty but attractive face gives her a quality that cuts agreeably across the soft grain of most young actresses. Her presence has the instant incisiveness and interest that are usually summed up in the term "personality." This last is certainly not identical with talent; Alec Guinness has large talent, little personality. Miss Fonda has considerable of both. It is still worth wondering - up to now, anyway - what will become of her.

The second noteworthy participant is the director, Peter Tewksbury, a new name to me. Because the material here is froth, because there are no virtuoso effects in the film, it is practically certain that his exceptional skills will be overlooked by most. There is not a clumsy or sagging scene in the farce, not a moment when our attention is distracted to the effort to amuse us.

Love With the Proper Stranger is also set in New York, but it takes place several months later - after the question of defloration has been settled and the girl is pregnant. At a summer hotel she had that one night's experience that is so sure in fiction, and now she has hunted up the young man in Manhattan to give him the parental tidings.

She is Italian-American, a Macy's salesgirl; he, too, is Italian-American, a free-lance band musician. She is strictly guarded by her brothers who as yet know naught; he is a Lothario who knows naughtiness. He raises the money for the abortion she wants, but the circumstances are so grim that she refuses to go through with it, and he agrees.

Then he consents to do his duty and marry her, but in a ploy at least as old as Stanley Houghton's *Hindle Wakes* (1912), she refuses to have him. Her reason is his conviction that he is being imprisoned. The rest of the film winds on through some drawn-out comic scenes with the boy's strip-teaser friend (played with her customary ineptness by Edie Adams) and with a faithful standby suitor of the girl who is willing to marry her as is: until, of course, the musician truly falls in love and she accepts him.

The original screenplay is by Arnold Schulman, a former TV writer, it is directed by Robert Mulligan, a former TV director, and the film's virtues are the best qualities of their original habitat: phonographic dialogue, the sense of squeezing through doorways into modest homes, the visual romance with kitchens and pavements. Its chief defect - aside from the fact that the story really ends with the abortion scene - is equally a quality of Chayef-

HOW TO TALK AND MAKE YOUR POINT!

Today more than ever, the difference between solid success and frustrating failure often hinges solely on one's ability to express oneself effectively—both in private and in public. As it happens, the laws of successful voice communication are no longer a mystery—in fact are quite simple and with the new techniques can nowadays be mastered readily by the person of average intelligence willing to expend a little effort.

Luckily there is a self-teaching "course" now available, in book form, by A. G. Mears, A.S.D., famous founder of the noted Abby School for Speakers. It takes nothing for granted and omits nothing essential. "Good speakers," says this expert, "are MADE, not born"—and proceeds to show how to attain good "speakmanship."

Once you have learned to speak in public, speaking well privately is a cinch. And the rewards can be staggering.

PARTIAL CONTENTS: Re-directing Nervousness—Overcoming Six Great Fears—Sparkling Creative Ideas—The Workshop of Imagination—Enlarging Vocabulary—Training Memory—Tact—Emotion—Developing Personality, Poise and Self-Confidence—Reasoning—etc., etc.

Try out this "course" at OUR risk!

Order NOW:

THE RIGHT WAY TO SPEAK IN PUBLIC
by A. G. Mears, A.S.D.

\$2.95 Postfree. 10-day Money-Back Guarantee

EMERSON BOOKS, Inc., Dept. 957-M
251 West 19th Street, New York 11

sky-land: the vulgar and patronizing dictum that even poor people can know love, by gad—in fact, they know it more deeply than fancy-dans who speak in polysyllables and finish their sentences. It is the conceit of the true-hearted farmer of Victorian melodrama translated to modern lower-class urban life and, in this case, dolled up with some sexual candor.

Natalie Wood has beautiful dark eyes, some gift for comedy and, as she showed in *Splendor in the Grass*, knows how to have hysterics. Steve McQueen is probably a better performer than we are allowed to appreciate. The character that has been worked out for him in his films so far is repugnantly rude and surly, but we are supposed to know that, under-

neath, he is just a big lovable kid. His success with this variation on the Sinatra syndrome is sad because it is less a characterization than a personified social malaise.

Several correspondents have informed me kindly, and otherwise, that I erred in my review of *America America* when I said that a youth whom the hero greets in Constantinople as an old friend has not been seen before by us. Thus lesser Homers nod. However, my point remains, sustained by the other instance I mentioned and by additional indications in the film: Kazan has skimmed some elements as he has bloated others. But I am glad to have the chance to iterate that it is a film worth seeing.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

RECORDS

Some Young Conductors

There was occasion to observe last spring that we hadn't yet got another Cantelli, but that below this genius level a few young conductors had appeared with impressive capacities that were giving us effective and satisfying performances. To Schippers and Colin Davis, whom I cited then, I now add Istvan Kertesz, on the assumption that his performances of two Mozart symphonies with the Vienna Philharmonic on London CM-9354 and CS-6354 indicate musical powers which operate as effectively in other music. In any case the performances of the Symphony K.543, the first of the final great three, and the moderately interesting K.319 are made effective statements of the works by their pacing, their outlining and inflection of phrase, their clarity of texture, their continuity of flow.

And even more impressive and eventful are the performances of several early Haydn symphonies issued by Vanguard. Antonio Janigro has been known to the musical public as a first-rank cellist and as conductor of the superb little string group I Solisti di Zagreb; and now in these performances with the larger Symphony Orchestra of Radio Zagreb we hear the operation of remarkable conducting powers. The

twenty-year-old Bernard Shaw, with astonishing perception, described "the highest faculty of a conductor" as "the establishing of a magnetic influence under which an orchestra becomes as amenable to the baton as a pianoforte to the fingers"; and we hear this influence being exercised by Janigro as he literally conducts his players from one note to the next in a marvelously sensitive shaping and articulating of the music in a flow with unflinching cohesive

tension, continuity and structural coherence. I regret that this playing is not done in some of the great last symphonies of Haydn instead of the ones on the Vanguard records, which are being vastly overrated nowadays. They are the so-called *Sturm und Drang* symphonies, of which the best are the two on VRS-1106 and VSD-2145: No. 44 (*Trauersymphonie*), for its fine slow movement, and the well known No. 45 (*Farewell*), for its minuet and finale. The others—Nos. 46 and 47 on VRS-1107 and VSD-2146, and Nos. 48 (*Maria Theresa*) and 49 (*La Passione*) on VRS-1108 and VSD-2147—I find uninteresting in thematic ideas. The excellent orchestra is reproduced with clarity and beauty of sound, but with too heavy bass, especially by the mono records.

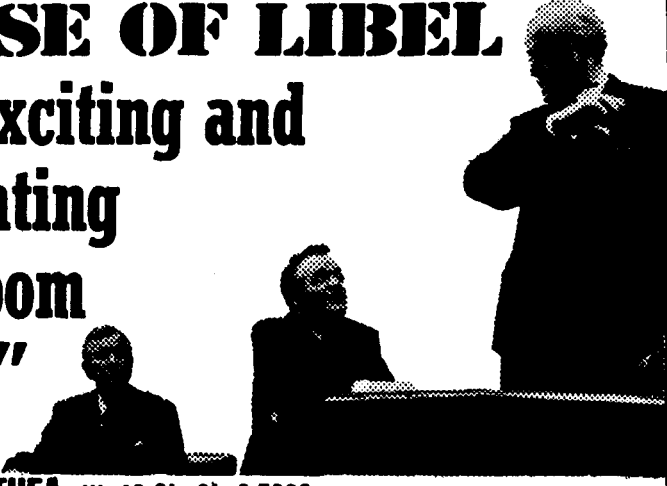
Comparable with the loss of Cantelli was the disbanding of the New Music Quartet, which for a few years gave us the greatest performances of the quartet literature since the early years of the Budapest Quartet. We are getting nothing of that quality; and the expectations created by the Amadeus Quartet's earlier performances of Haydn's Op. 54 are disappointed by its performances of Beethoven's last quartets on Deutsche Grammophon 18-537/8/9/40 and 138-537/8/9/40. The pacing and shaping of the works is good; but the tone of the first violin, which was firm and agreeable in the Haydn, now quavers and is at times unpleasant in quality, as though slightly off pitch. The performances of these works to acquire or retain are the Budapest

"A CASE OF LIBEL
is an exciting and
stimulating
courtroom
drama."

—TAUBMAN,
TIMES

LONGACRE THEA. W. 48 St. Cir 6-5639

Mats. Wed. & Sat.



Quartet's of ten years ago, which are still listed in the catalogue.

A second group of performances by the Russian pianist Richter recorded at concerts in Italy, on Deutsche Grammophon 18-849 and 138-849, offers some of the finest playing we have had from him, in the sensitively and coherently phrased and beautiful-sounding Chopin Polonaise-Fantaisie Op. 61 and the exquisitely wrought three pieces of Debussy's *Estampes: Pagodes, La Soirée dans Grenade and Jardins Sous la Pluie*. In addition there are brilliant performances of Chopin's Etudes Op. 10 Nos. 1 and 12, but an erratically paced Chopin Ballade No. 4; and part of the record is wasted on Scriabin's Sonata No. 5. There is occasional distortion of big sonorities, and the Etude Op. 10 No. 12 is reproduced with insufficient bass and unnatural sound that is improved by reduction of treble (the stereo version is worse than the mono).

Outstanding too is Richter's playing in the slow movement and finale of Beethoven's Concerto No. 3 with the

Vienna Symphony under Sanderling, on Deutsche Grammophon 18-848 and 138-848. Not that his playing in the first movement isn't fine; but it is made to seem pallid by the more powerful phrasing of melody and more energetic execution of passage-work in Glenn Gould's performance. The second sides are filled out by an inconsequential early Beethoven Rondo, which Richter plays beautifully.

Most impressive in Handel's biblical oratorio *Samson* is the writing for Samson, which communicates a personal magnitude throughout. And although Jan Peerce's singing in the performance (with cuts) conducted by Abraham, on Vanguard BG-648/50 and BGS-5060/62, is agreeable-sounding and expressive, the great aria "Total eclipse" as he sings it somewhat matter-of-factly is without the moving eloquence it has in Richard Lewis' slower-paced performance on the London record, and the aria "Thus when the sun" as Peerce sings it briskly and vigorously doesn't produce the effect that Jon Vickers' slower *mezza-voce* delivery gave it in a concert performance a couple of years ago. The singing of Phyllis Curtin and the other soloists

is good; the sound from the University of Utah Symphonic Chorale betrays the youth of its members; the Utah Symphony plays well.

An even less familiar Handel work, the opera *Rodelinda*, performed (in abridged form) on Lyrichord 115 (mono only), might make a more impressive effect if it were sung by more impressive singers. The chorus and orchestra are those of the Sueddeutscher Rundfunk; the conductor is Hans Mueller-Kray. Vivaldi's *Gloria* and *Credo*, on Deutsche Grammophon 18-788 and 138-788, surprise one with unusual and moving writing in their slow sections. Good performances by Maria Stader and the other excellent soloists and the Chorus and Orchestra of the Maggio Musicale Fiorentino under Bartoletti's direction.

And Mahler's Songs from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* are on Vanguard VRS-1113 and VSD-2154, excellently performed by Maureen Forrester, contralto, and Heinz Rehfuss, bass, with the Symphony Orchestra of the Vienna Festival under Prohaska's direction. They are early but characteristic in moods and style; and some are very fine.

B. H. HAGGIN

TO MEN WHO JUST "CAN'T LEARN" MATH!

More and more in our dynamic economy, a knowledge of basic mathematics pays off!

Whether in Engineering, Electronics, Mechanics, Construction, Pure Science, etc.—or in Estimating, or Trade and Finance, or Buying and Selling, etc.—the man who gets there fustest with the mostest, MATH-WISE, is likely to be rewarded handsomest!

Fortunately, there now exists, in a single volume of 240 fact-packed pages (including 195 clarifying illustrations), a basic source in mathematics, from arithmetic to the calculus, arranged logically and in order of difficulty. Explanations of principles are followed by worked examples.

This one-volume math "library" economizes not only your money but, more important, your time. Amazingly, the author, with a rare talent for simplifying the complicated, covers the whole gamut: treatment of fractions, decimals, square root and cube root, logarithms, progression averages, interest, algebra, equations, graphs, plane and solid geometry, trigonometry, differential and integral calculus; useful mathematical tables; summary of mathematical formulas, etc., etc.

This remarkable work which already has aided thousands, will be of enormous help not only to those who have forgotten their mathematics but also to those now acquiring it. You may try it out at our risk. ORDER NOW.

A REFRESHER COURSE IN MATHEMATICS
by F. J. Camm

240 Pages • 195 Illustrations
\$2.95 Postfree • 10-Day Money-Back Guarantee
EMERSON BOOKS, Inc., Dept. 920-M
251 W. 19th Street, New York 11

THEATER

Arthur Miller's *Mea Culpa*

Despite the notoriety connected with his name, Arthur Miller has always seemed one of the more reticent and dignified of American celebrities, while his plays, for all their hidden private references, have appeared to be relatively impersonal. By some perverse law of overcompensation, however, *After the Fall* is a three-and-one-half-hour breach of taste, a confessional

After the Fall

by Arthur Miller

(Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center)

autobiography of embarrassing explicitness, during which the author does not stop talking about himself for an instant while making only the most perfunctory gestures toward concealing his identity. Thus, the hero is

named Quentin rather than Arthur; he is a lawyer instead of a Broadway dramatist; and in place of a famous play, he has written a "majestic" legal brief. Behind this transparent curtain, however, Mr. Miller is dancing a spiritual striptease while the band plays *mea culpa*, a performance which is not concluded until every sequined veil has been snatched away from his sexual and political anatomy. Some of the more juicy turns in this exhibition include his arguments with his parents, and his mother's emasculation of his father; his quarrels with his first wife over her coldness in bed and his suspected infidelities; his continuing loyalty to his ex-Communist friends, one of whom throws himself under a subway train; his break with Mickey (Elia Kazan) over the latter's decision to name

names to a Congressional committee; his affair, marriage, and tortured life with Maggie (Marilyn Monroe), concluding with her suicide; and, finally, his decision to build a new marriage with Holga, a German woman he met abroad.

This, in short, is the kind of document that playwrights publish posthumously, if at all, since it implicates so many people living, and so many recently dead. What makes this wanton invasion of privacy even more disturbing is that most of these characters are in the public eye – indeed, one of them is actually directing Mr. Miller's play! Antonin Artaud used to complain that the bourgeois theater turned the spectators into Peeping Toms: what would he have said about *After the Fall*? Although the author has obviously convinced himself that his life is typical of his generation's, and that he has "universalized" his experience into a parable of guilt and innocence, the fact remains that he has created a shameless piece of tabloid gossip, an act of exhibitionism which makes us all voyeurs.

Now voyeurism is, admittedly, a stimulating business, but *After the Fall* is not even effective as titillation. Having discharged my duties as a moralist, let me now try to examine why such potentially fascinating material should be so intrinsically dull.

The play, first of all, is a wretched piece of dramatic writing: shapeless, tedious, overwritten, and confused. The secret of the autobiographical drama – as Strindberg learned in *To Damascus*, and O'Neill in *A Long Day's Journey Into Night* – is to find some objective theatrical image for your subjective emotional state; but Mr. Miller is too close to his material to assimilate it properly, and he still has not managed to dramatize it. Too eager to uncork his self-revelations, he is too impatient to let them ferment in significant action, so his play lacks form or plot or forward movement. It is, furthermore, composed of endless palaver. While Miller has borrowed techniques from *Death of a Salesman*, moving his hero through time and space from childhood to maturity, he has taken his most obtrusive device from *View from the Bridge*: the static oracular Chorus. Since Quentin is his own Chorus, the play seems like an

uninterrupted monologue, which is not completed until he exhausts his vocabulary and runs out of steam, pontificating hoarsely to the very end (in comparison with Miller's loquacious hero, O'Neill's Marsden, in *Strange Interlude*, seems almost taciturn). As a result, Jo Mielziner's blue space stage becomes completely useless: *After the Fall* could have been just as effectively produced from a lectern at the YMHA.

Let me mention, now that we are on the subject, that the whole Lincoln Center apparatus is irrelevant to this play. One of the advantages of the repertory system is a longer rehearsal period, since this enables the actor to probe his character more deeply and to work out his relations with the other performers – but Mr. Miller's characters are too shallow to be plumbed, and they are functioning most of the time in a state of total isolation. Zohra Lampert, for example, usually a fine actress, does a minor bit with less

confidence than some longer roles she has worked up on one week's notice, while Salome Jens, Marielre Costello, and Ralph Meeker, in other parts, are merely fobbing off character clichés or bad habits from the past. As for the direction, it is so spare and empty, so lacking in conviction, power, or concentration, that I began to toy with the mischievous notion that Kazan was purposely undermining the play; after all, whatever his artistic faults, he had never before directed a boring performance. On the other hand, when an actor as gifted as Jason Robards starts repeating his emotional cycles over and over again – rearing his head, raising his voice, and punching his climaxes in the thankless role of Quentin – I have to reject the conspiracy theory, and conclude that the material is simply intractable.

Now I must perform a distasteful labor, and deal with the subject mat-

An Invitation To Our Subscribers

If you are going to be in or near Washington the first week of March, the editors hope you will join them at dinner to celebrate

The 50th year of publication of The New Republic

March 5, 1964

Seven p.m.

The Mayflower Hotel in Washington

Bill Mauldin will serve as toastmaster.

There will be brief remarks by:

Senator Paul Douglas

Walter Lippmann

Ben Shahn

Secretary of Labor W. Willard Wirtz

C. Vann Woodward

\$12.50 a person

Black tie

Address all reservations and checks to:

THE NEW REPUBLIC

1244 Nineteenth St., N.W.

Washington 6, D. C.

(Reservations will be allocated by postmark date of request)

Any Book

Out-of-print books located—no matter how old or long out-of-print. Name the book—we'll find it for you! (Title alone is sufficient.) All authors, subjects. Fiction, nonfiction. No obligation.

Books-On-File

Dept. NEW Union City, N. J.

EUROPE

An unregimented trip stressing individual freedom. Low cost yet covers all the usual plus places other tours miss. Unless the standard tour is a "must" for you, discover this unique tour before you go to Europe.

EUROPE SUMMER TOURS

255 Sequoia, Dept. N—Pasadena, California

L'EXPRESS

The leading liberal newspaper in France today.

Send 25c for your sample copy.

Howard Publications

7th floor

132 West 43rd Street

New York 36, N.Y.

Contribute to the First Liberal Victory of '64

Phil Burton, member of the California Legislature and outstanding liberal, is running for Congress in a special election. This offers a chance for liberals and progressives throughout the nation to support a candidate who not only stands unhesitatingly for liberal principles, but a candidate who will win with financial support and point the way for liberal victories in 1964.

Phil Burton has been overwhelmingly endorsed by Organized Labor (AFL-CIO, ILWU and Teamsters), Democratic Clubs, peace organizations and civil rights groups.

Phil Burton is pledged not only to vote against HUAC, but to help lead the fight for its abolition.

Phil Burton is pledged for FREEDOM NOW.

Phil Burton is pledged to fight for more public housing, for federal aid to education, and for full employment.

Phil Burton is pledged to fight for Medicare under Social Security.

Phil Burton is pledged to work for lasting world peace and to develop a program of public works to offset the economic dislocation caused by transition to a non-arms-oriented economy.

Phil Burton has promised not to take one cent in campaign contributions from special interest lobbyists. Therefore, his campaign must look elsewhere for contributions. Due to Taft-Hartley, labor is prevented from contributing to his campaign. It is for this reason that we are placing this call for funds, in the hope that liberals and progressives throughout the country will send a contribution to help send a true liberal to Congress.

Send Your Contribution, large or small, to
PHIL BURTON FOR CONGRESS
995 Market Street
San Francisco, California 94114

ter itself, a job more appropriate to a gossip columnist than a drama critic. But it must be observed that an important reason for the tediousness of the evening is the author's superficial treatment of his most promising character: "Maggie" Monroe. It is astonishing that a playwright, whose major business is perception, could live with this unfortunate woman for over four years, and yet be capable of no greater insight into her character than those made by Maurice Zolotow, a professional theater columnist. But Mr. Miller is too confused in his feelings toward his former wife to be very complicated about her, as he sometimes concedes ("my bitterness is making me lie"), and out of his ambivalence, he has created a contradictory portrait. As played by Barbara Loden on a shrill, one-dimensional note, Maggie changes character as rapidly as she changes wigs, beginning as a giddy, simpleminded, generous creature who only wants to love—an image created by her press agents, and by Mr. Miller himself in *The Misfits*—and then developing into a raging, screaming, suicidal shrew, firing subordinates and demeaning her husband, while groveling on the floor with a bottle of Jack Daniels and a fistful of pills—vide Chayefsky's movie, *The Goddess*. The only new insight I was able to glean from these familiar episodes was that Mr. Miller must have talked his wife's ear off, since even in the act of viciously throttling her, he is explaining why she hates life, why she drinks, why she married him, and why she is trying to commit suicide.

This excessive self-consciousness is itself a form of dishonesty, and dishonesty remains the worst flaw in the play. *After the Fall* claims to drill right down to bedrock, and its only structure is a sequence of revelations dredged out of ruthless self-examination; but I often sensed somehow that the real discoveries were being concealed or had yet to be made. Thus, while Mr. Miller is eager to scourge himself for his inability to love, he is still conducting an involuntary vendetta against the former objects of his love: there is a misogynistic strain in the play which the author does not seem to recognize, nor does he recognize how much self-justification is

hidden in his apparent remorse. Then, for all the talk about "truth" and "honesty," few of the insights of the play sound genuine. I will pass over Quentin's motives for marrying Maggie ("She is like a flag to me—a proof that people can win"), as well as Mickey's reasons for informing on his friends ("I want to lead a straightforward open life"), though these are the murkiest moments in the play. But it is difficult to ignore Miller's foggy political discussions. As the title suggests, the author thinks that he has emerged from a prelapsarian state of innocence into a state of anguished experience, but he still conceives of politics in the simpleminded language of the thirties. All of the ex-Communists in the play, for example, are merely "fighting injustice," while the friend who commits suicide is "a decent broken man that never wanted anything more but the good of the world." No wonder these men were duped when they know so little about their own political motives. After all these terrible years, is Miller still defining Stalinism as if it were a sentiment without any reference to ideas, ideology, or power?

Well, it is obvious that Arthur Miller's world is disintegrating: *After the Fall* chronicles its moral, political, and artistic collapse. By writing the play, the author has not changed my mind about his talents, which have never seemed to me much more than minor; but, in lacking the wisdom to suppress it, he has seriously compromised his reputation for rectitude, taste, and dignity. As it is, the play will unquestionably exercise a strong appeal as an indecent spectacle—which makes it, I would say, perfectly typical of the commercial theater at large. The generation which Mr. Miller discredits in *After the Fall* is one that eventually

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Larry Sneed gave up smoking in 1953. Richard Gilman writes regularly on books for *The New Republic* and on theater for various journals. J. Edgar Simmons is on the English faculty of Southern Illinois University. Robert Brustein has just completed his first book on modern dramatists.



FOR EXAMPLE:
☐ 149. A WORLD ON THE WANE.
 This fascinating exploration into human society reduced to its basic expressions is perhaps the most remarkable work ever published on a sexually uninhibited primitive culture. Includes 116 revealing photographs and drawings.
PUBLISHER'S RETAIL PRICE \$12.50

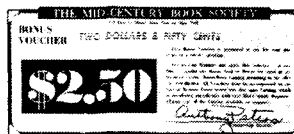
ANY 3 BOOKS

FREE

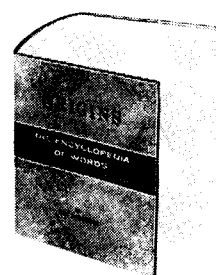
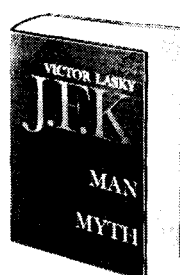
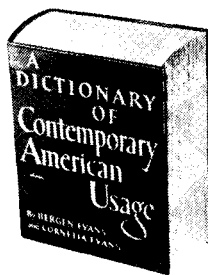
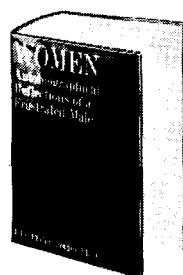
WE WILL GIVE YOU...

- **ANY 3 BOOKS FREE**—even if one of your choices is this unusual \$12.50 book!
- **PLUS 1 OR MORE OTHER BOOKS** for only \$2.95 each regardless of regular retail prices up to \$10 or more!

• **PLUS \$2.50 BONUS VOUCHER** for each and every book you buy later. These \$2.50 Bonus Vouchers—which may be applied immediately, at any time, toward other books of your choice—are given in addition to massive outright discounts on books offered by The Mid-Century Book Society, which has been called "America's most rewarding book club." You receive at least one \$2.50 Voucher for each purchase—even on the many books offered to members in the low \$3 to \$5 range. Other books often earn more than one voucher.



- **SAVE UP TO 90% NOW.** New readers may thus save up to 90% now—by joining the Society at this time. While you need take only one book at the introductory extra-discount price, the more you take the more you save.
 - **PLUS STILL ANOTHER FREE BOOK** [See coupon below] if you remit now for each book you take at the extra-discount price for new members.
 - **CANCELLATION.** Either—return all these books after 2-weeks' free examination, without cost or obligation. Or—take only two more books during the coming year out of hundreds to be offered.
 - **THE MID-CENTURY MAGAZINE FREE**, bringing you advance reviews of new books published each month—with informed recommendations of books to both read and keep [no fall-apart paperbacks] in every subject-category—books for pleasure, profit, reference...for the many interests, needs and appetites of America's "New Renaissance" readers...the best novels, non-fiction, reference works, biographies, art books, histories—and many more.
 - **PROFIT SHARING:** Because the Society can order books in large quantities, it shares profits with members through sensationally lower prices plus the Bonus Book Vouchers. Members can thus buy first-run books—in publishers' regular cloth-bound editions for their permanent libraries [not cardboard-bound "cheapies"]—for less than throw-away paperbacks cost!
- BECAUSE** many of the books offered in this announcement are in short supply, fulfillment of this offer can only be guaranteed for 30 days. Please, therefore, enter all your choices by number on the Request Form—and mail without delay.



PLEASE ORDER BY NUMBER

- ☐ **181. THE OFFICER FACTORY** by Hans Hellmut Kirst. Revolving around a mysterious murder in a Nazi officers' training school in 1944, this great new novel presents an intimate picture of the behind-the-scenes chaos of Hitler's Third Reich in a series of gripping events that range from nerve-tearing tragedy to high comedy. (502 pp.) Retail \$6.50.
- ☐ **251. WOMEN** by John P. Lundin. This joyful "confession" of a modern man's lascivious relationships with 10 women puts to shame the memoirs of Casanova and Frank Harris. Retail \$6.50.

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF WORDS
☐ **53. ORIGINS** by Eric Partridge. The most comprehensive encyclopedia-dictionary in 53 years of words and their origins. 12,000 alphabetized sections (including definitions and foreign equivalents) in 1,300,000 words. 970 pages. Retail \$16.00.

- ☐ **234. THE ODES OF HORACE** translated by James Michie. A new and brilliant translation—with the original Latin text on facing pages—of the poet who has filled modern literature with more sagacity, epigrams and wit than all other Latin writers put together. So musical are Horace's original Latin phrases that they are uniquely appealing even to those totally unfamiliar with Latin. Retail \$6.00.

- ☐ **253. PERVERSE CRIMES IN HISTORY** by R. E. L. Masters. The weird and little-known facts about sex crimes and criminals—by the author of the famous "underground" bestseller, "Cradle of Erotica." Retail \$9.50.

- ☐ **238. A DICTIONARY OF CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN USAGE** by Bergen & Cornelia Evans. Complete, up-to-date dictionary of usage... style, punctuation, idioms, etc. Retail \$6.50.

- ☐ **223. MEMOIRS OF HADRIAN** by Yourcenar. Profuse illus. Ret. \$7.00.

- ☐ **257. DOROTHY AND RED** by Vincent Sheean. "...the frankest revelation of a marriage ever published." Here is a love story, told largely in their own intimate letters, which is also something of a mystery story, a tragedy and a comedy—a multi-drama in which Sinclair Lewis and Dorothy Thompson play themselves. Retail \$6.95.

- ☐ **252. J.F.K.** by Victor Lasky. The controversial best seller. Retail \$7.95.

- ☐ **933. JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY: A Modern Selection** from the most famous and most wickedly personal dictionary of all time. A delight to read and browse. Retail \$6.50.

- ☐ **908. THE DOUGHBOYS: The Story of The AEF [1917-18]** by L. Stallings. 102 B&W and 134 full color illus. Retail \$5.95.

- ☐ **242. THE POOH PERPLEX** by F. C. Crooks and **THE ELEPHANT** by S. Mrozek. (2-bk. set; counts as 1 bk.) Both illus. Comb. Retail \$6.99.

- ☐ **192. THOMAS MANN: THE "JOSEPH" TETRALOGY.** 4 of Mann's greatest novels in 1 vol.—1,200 pp. Retail \$8.50.

- ☐ **255. THE THREE SIRENS** by Irving Wallace. Retail \$1.95.

- ☐ **965. LORD OF THE FLIES** by W. Golding and **THE PETTY DEMON** by F. Solomub. (2-bk. set; counts as 1 bk.) Comb. Retail \$9.95.

- ☐ **998. THE FIRST WORLD WAR: A PHOTO HISTORY** by L. Stallings. Retail \$7.50.

- ☐ **254. SUNSET AND TWILIGHT: Diaries of Bernard Berenson.** Illus. Retail \$8.50.

- ☐ **205. THE FIRE NEXT TIME** by James Baldwin. Retail \$3.50.

- ☐ **916. THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO & PERU** by W. H. Prescott. 2 vols. in 1 unabridged new edition. 1,288 pp., fully indexed. Retail \$12.50.

- ☐ **4045. ON HER MAJESTY'S SECRET SERVICE** by Ian Fleming and **ROOM 3603** by H. Montgomery Hyde. (2-bk. set; counts as 1 bk.) Comb. Retail \$9.99.

FREE

if payment is enclosed with order

FOUR SCREENPLAYS OF INGMAR BERGMAN, one of the greatest film-makers of our time. Here are included all the situations "cut" from the screen versions—plus every delightful subtlety of dialogue. The Screenplays: *Smiles of A Summer Night*, *Wild Strawberries*, *The Seventh Seal* and *The Magician*. Pub. Ed. \$6.00

REQUEST FORM

Mail to: The Mid-Century Book Society, 115 East 81st Street, New York 16, N. Y. NR-49

Enroll me as a trial member and send me the 3 FREE BOOKS indicated below—charging me only for the one or more other books ordered at the special new-member price of only \$2.95 each.

My only obligation is to buy two future selections during the coming year from the

100 or more to be offered at average savings of 50% under the publishers' retail prices. Over and above outright Discounts, I am to receive at least one \$2.50 Bonus Book Voucher with each book purchased. [PLEASE INDICATE YOUR CHOICES BELOW BY NUMBER.]

I. SEND THE FOLLOWING SELECTIONS FREE—with New-Member Purchase(s) at right.

☐	☐	☐
--------------------------	--------------------------	--------------------------

II. SEND THE FOLLOWING SELECTION(S) AT SPECIAL NEW-MEMBER'S PRICE (\$2.95).

☐

Name _____ City _____ Zone _____ State _____
 Address _____

JAPANESE WOODCUT PRINTS

Masterpieces by Sharaku, Hiroshige, Utamaro, Hokusai, etc.

Accurately reproduced by hand-carved woodblocks using exactly the same materials as originals.

Full-scale; museum-authenticated Illustrated pamphlet listing over 250 titles, \$1.00 airmail (refundable against first order)

Adachi Institute of Woodcut Prints

CPO Box 362
Tokyo, Japan

BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU!



A mobile that is timely, tantalizing, topical. Hang it in your den, office, living room.

\$2.00 postpaid
T. Beaubien Healy
234 Tenth St.
Toledo 2, Ohio

333 EUROPEAN HOTELS

140 cities, 19 countries covered in handy list of excellent, inexpensive hotels. Prices, Addresses.

BON VOYAGE \$1.
Box 24684NR
Los Angeles 24, Calif.

WHERE IS THAT BOOK?

Don't fret—We can get any out-of-print books you need, and fast. Our Book-Lures hunt out all your wanted book lore. Free world-wide search. Send your lists to—

BOOK-LURES
P.O. BOX 422-R
CALDWELL, NEW JERSEY

HANDMADE CIGARS

Skilled Craftsmen Create These
Superb Cigars Of The World's Finest Leaf
At Wholesale Prices

- 5A Cubano Magnifico, 7 inches long—
Churchillian Proportions
50 Cigars in Spanish Cedar Chest \$22.00
 - 5B Cubano Elegante, 7 inches long—
Beautifully Slender
50 Cigars in Spanish Cedar Chest \$13.75
 - 5C Cubano Corona, 5 inches long
Box of 50 \$11.50
- Choice of Wrappers: Havana Candela (Claro); English Market (Medium Claro); Maduro (Dark)

Order Direct From Factory

**CIGAR CRAFTSMEN'S
GUILD OF TAMPA**
2008 14th Street
Tampa 5, Florida

came to control Broadway, passing off its ambition as altruism, its expediency as honest, its avarice as integrity, its lust for fame as love of art. Now, grown fat and prosperous and exhausted, it has institutionalized the bankrupt Broadway vision in the fashionable culture emporium of Lincoln Center. Recently, S. N. Behrman, who will provide the third radical experiment offered by the Lincoln Center repertory, mused, "I'd rather wait for Lefty than wait for Godot." Well, while Lefty is being awaited by the playwrights, directors, technicians, and actors of this forward-looking group, the rest of us had better find some empty basement theater in which to wait for Godot. **ROBERT BRUSTEIN**

Correspondence

Whose Baby?

Sirs:

Dwight Macdonald's acceptance (Correspondence, January 25) of the record as showing that Oswald was a leftist is, I believe, over-hasty. Would that he were representative either of the left or of the right; but it seems to me that he belonged neither to the Fascists nor to the Communists, but to something far more sinister, to wit, the Sour.

It seems that he shot Kennedy and shot at Walker, the one a liberal, the other a conservative, but each a conspicuous specimen of his kind. This clearly suggests that Oswald hated everybody, a characteristic of frustrated men. Not many of them commit homicide, but they are stuffed with less spectacular anti-social impulses.

An economy—or a polity, or what you will—that seems to condemn some millions of able-bodied men to permanent, involuntary unemployment is creating a huge army of the frustrated which is, I believe, many times as great a potential danger as either John Birchites or Commies. But neither radicalism nor reaction offers any plausible strategy for dealing with this menace.

Gerald W. Johnson
Baltimore, Maryland

I doubt that either General Taylor or General Walker will be happy to hear that Dwight Macdonald can't tell them apart.

Gordon Tullock
University of Virginia

If Dwight Macdonald desires to claim intellectual paternity of Lee Harvey Oswald that is his affair. But he has no business dragging in all of those liberals who were not present at the conception. His criticism of TRB hints at a repeat performance of the "generation on trial" thesis which did so much to unnerve liberalism during the McCarthy era. Are we to have a repeat of that era, when Mr. Macdonald and gang insisted that every liberal, guilty or not, keep company in the corner with a varied assortment of ex-Marxists doing penance? The main stream of liberalism in America has always abjured violence and has always insisted on the democratic process for resolving differences. There is just no way possible for Macdonald to stick liberalism with the baby. The intellectual blood types don't match up.

One other point: Macdonald says that he is "an old-fashioned believer in the Bill of Rights." Should he not then have treated Oswald as the accused rather than as the established guilty party?

David Hamilton
Albuquerque, N. M.

Automatic Nomination

Sirs:

As one voter who will likely vote for the Democratic candidate I would like to raise the question: "Why should President Johnson automatically get the nomination without opposition?" The clean cool breezes of the Kennedy era can be continued, if we draw upon the Stevenson-Humphrey-R. Kennedy wing of the party. This is not heresy . . . this is a heritage.

David Besser
Morton Grove, Illinois

Latin American Odds

Sirs:

In your recent article, "Latin American Odds" (January 11) you made the following statement concerning the little Central American Republic of El Salvador: "Colonel Julio Adalberto Rivera

seized power but then ran for President on a platform of wholehearted support of the social and economic reforms sponsored by the Alliance for Progress; whereupon he was overwhelmingly elected and, moreover, proceeded to carry out his campaign promises—building schools and yet managing to balance the budget." One gets the impression that Rivera's government rests on the will of the people rather than Washington's support and the national army. You mentioned that Rivera was elected on his campaign promises. Elected he was, but he was the only candidate.

J. Tejada
New Orleans, La.

Matter of Privilege

Sirs:

A matter of privilege: I am not sure that I ever was on the masthead of *The New Republic*, but I am sure—out of profound gratitude—that for several years my only certain income was exactly \$50 a week for the page the editors turned over to me.

The privilege I ask is—against all competitors—that I be allowed to choke TRB until he apologizes for asking (as of four days from now, in your issue of January 18) "Who will the GOP nominate?"

I've seen the new dictionaries and the reviews of the new dictionaries. I've read all the pedantic objections to "it's me." But no one has declared "whom" objectionable in the objective.

Even with the large circulation you have gained—on which I congratulate you—it would not have cost you more than 85 cents to print the "m." And I doubt whether any of your readers would have considered you snooty or pro-McKinley if you had done so. Years ago someone who said he knew told me who TRB was (or were, as others insisted). Now I don't know whom he is.

Gilbert Seldes
University of Pennsylvania

BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN at a fraction of their American retail price! \$10.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Money back guarantee. Write for free illustrated catalogue. Steven Williams, Jr., Ltd., 40 Chatham Road, Short Hills, New Jersey.

THE HUMANIST relies only upon himself and is concerned with this life. He accepts the responsibility of working to perfect the world. Are there reasons why humanists should join the American Humanist Association? Literature available. Dept. NR 1, Humanist House, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

YEAR OF TRIAL: Kennedy's Crucial Decisions, by Helen Fuller, available through The New Republic. Special price \$4.75. Address: Book Department, The New Republic, 1244 19th Street, N.W., Washington 36, D. C.

AUTOGRAPHS, documents, and letters of famous persons wanted. Immediate cash payment. Ernest Fackler, Concordia, 6534 Leo Road, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

FOR ANTIQUARIANS still shooting black and white films, finest quality enlargements 5x7—33c, 8x10—42c, 11x14—95c, 16x20—\$2.50. Please add postage. Foto Portrait Co., 1173 Ogden Ave., New York 10452.

20 BEAUTIFUL BLACK & WHITE WALLET SIZE prints and 1 5x7 in folder—\$5.00 postpaid; made from any slide, negative or photo. Satisfaction guaranteed. Erler Camera, 1540 East 83rd Street, Chicago 19, Illinois.

PAINTINGS—From The Painter. Please write Ben Newman, 83 Washington Place, NYC 10011.

MAGNIFICENT REPLICAS OF MASTER DRAWINGS on hand-decorated "French" mats. \$10 each. Free Brochure. Bernice Grenert, 550 Fifth Avenue, NYC 36.

FUN, FRIENDS, FOOD OF MANY NATIONS. All children, 8-16, live, work and play in an atmosphere of understanding, friendship, peace and universal brotherhood. Children are an international language. We are experts in this language. Write: Camp Oleana, West Copake, New York. Phone: 516—MO 7-3805 or 516—FO 8-1472.

BACK TO THE STORE in '64 and three other anti-Goldwater automobile stickers, \$2. Eight for \$3.50, twelve for \$5. Stickers, 801 Security Building, Roswell, New Mexico.

FAST GROWING AFFILIATE of American Civil Liberties Union seeking executive director to assume responsibility for all activities in state of New Jersey. Send resume to Emil Oxfield, 744 Broad Street, Newark, N.J.

DON'T PLAY SCRABBLE—without our compact plastic clip-on Turner. Avoids scrambles; turns smoothly to each player. Fits other games. Ideal gift. \$2.98 postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Specialty, 4002 6th Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11232.

CLASSIFIED RATES

Per word (single insertion).....35c
Per word 6 times in one contract year....34c
Per word 13 times in one contract year....33c
Per word 26 times in one contract year....11c
Per word 48 times in one contract year....10c

THE NEW REPUBLIC

1244 19th St. N.W., Wash. 36, D. C.

SUBTLE HUMOR on "FOOD" LABELS. Connoisseur Rumdum Plums, Hairy Mold Spores, etc. 7 different gummed labels, 3 colored, imprinted "contents," standard sizes, \$1.00. Fun-Labels, 11005 Arbuckle, Mission Hills, California.

"TEACH ABROAD," a narrative report about overseas teaching opportunities. Contains information about openings, salaries, living conditions, as well as where to apply and sample resume form. Send \$2 to Benchmark Books, P.O. Box 5238, Seattle, Washington 98107.

PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SERVICES, 8x10 \$1.20. Write for comprehensive price listings. Omega, 603 West Main, Urbana, Illinois.

MIMEOGRAPH Machines: New, efficient, durable, guaranteed machines, \$48 and \$85 plus shipping (under \$5). Information from Emory Burton, Rt. 8, Jasper, Alabama.

UNUSUAL STONE HOME in New Mexico mountain village; near ski areas; sunshine all day every day. Walter, 209 58th Street N.W., Albuquerque, New Mexico.

"CHICAGO AT NIGHT" Four beautiful color slides \$1.00 P.P. 25c for catalog and sample slide. Erler Camera, 1540 E. 83rd Street, Chicago, Illinois, 60619.

ATLANTIC, 8 months \$2.00; **NEWSWEEK**, 40 issues \$3.65; **REPORTER**, 24 issues \$3.79; **SATURDAY REVIEW**, 48 weeks \$3.88. Pollacks Magazine Service, Little Silver, New Jersey.

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN wishes to share air conditioned, two bath home, fifteen hundred annually. Post Office Box 370, Sun City, Arizona.

"LETTY ITA SPEAKS," "Query," "You, I, Him, Me," "Conclusions," Doodlers Analysis, 25c each. Box 1778, G.P.O., N.Y.C.

EXPERIMENT WITH "SLEEP-LEARNING." Self-hypnosis. Use your phonograph, recorder. Fascinating, educational. Details free. Sleep-Learning Research Association, Box 24-NR, Olympia, Washington.

SUMMERLANE SCHOOL AND CAMP. "An American Summerhill." Box 26R, Mileses, New York.

SILENCE THOSE AGGRESSIVE HUCKSTERS!—Minimize commercial brain-washing! Silence commercials with simple device. Illustrated "do-it-yourself" instructions plus safety resistor, 25c; complete kit, including switch, wire and safety resistor, \$1.50 The Silencer, P.O. Box 106, Berkeley 1, California.

BEAUTIFUL BLACK AND WHITE 8x10 ENLARGEMENT from any photo, negative or slide—\$2.00 postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Erler Cameras, 1540 E. 83rd St., Chicago, Illinois 60619.

NEW TEENAGE SUMMER PROGRAM develops greater self-confidence, improved work habits, better use of leisure. Write Shaker Village, P.O. Box 1149N, Pittsfield, Mass.

"WILL FORMS." Two will forms and book on wills. \$1.00 complete. National Forms, Box 48313NR, Los Angeles 48, Calif.

YOUNG MAN, University of Chicago grad, seeks position Chicago area in communications field. All editorial, journalistic skills, wide interests. Box 30, NR, 1244 19th St. N.W., Washington, D. C.

Printed by National Publishing Co.
301 N St., N.E., Washington 2, D. C.



More will
Live
the more
you Give



HEART FUND

From now through the inauguration...

TRY THE REPORTER FOR HALF PRICE (JUST \$3.50)

FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS ONLY

THE REPORTER/660 MADISON AVENUE/NEW YORK, N.Y. 10021

A SPECIAL ANNIVERSARY RATE

Send me *The Reporter* for the next full year (24 issues) at the introductory, anniversary, half-price rate: just \$3.50. (Regular prices are 35¢ a copy, \$7.00 a year.)

NAME _____
(please print)

STREET _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

☐ payment enclosed ☐ bill me later

NR

The coupon above will bring readers of *The New Republic* an experience worthy of their already well-informed minds. It is called *The Reporter*.

Here, at last, is a magazine written for the person who wants to go beyond the immediate news provided by the daily press. *The Reporter* develops perspective and insight; it outlines the shape of events—the past and the foreseeable future—for the truly concerned reader.

Furthermore, the Editors assume a level of curiosity and perception—and an appreciation of good writing—by their readers that is perhaps unmatched by any other magazine reporting on politics, public affairs, and the arts.

(So, a note to the intellectually incurious: stay away!)

In the 15 years since *The Reporter's* birth, America has moved from the Berlin airlift to the Berlin Wall, from high-finned cars to bigger compacts, from boom to recession to boom again...from Democrats to Republicans and back again. Why has it all happened?

In this presidential election year,

no thoughtful person can answer the questions that influence his choice of candidate and party without knowing all he can know about the men, the issues, and the times.

That's why you need (and would certainly enjoy) *The Reporter's* brand of journalism...*liberalism with guts. The Reporter* was the first magazine to attack McCarthy and his supporters...the first to uncover our blunders in Laos which were sure to bring on disaster...the first to uncover the vast influence wielded by foreign lobbyists...

So it should be no surprise that *The Reporter* is one of the most heeded periodicals in America—bought regularly by 175,000 informed men and women. The magazine has won 23 major journalism awards, and 71 out of 83 Washington correspondents voted it "most fair and reliable" among magazines reporting politics.

◆ **Staff Writers and Contributors** ◆

Editor and Publisher Max Ascoli, Douglass Cater, Meg Greenfield, Edmond Taylor, George Bailey, Marya Manhes, Gore Vidal, Henry A. Kissinger, Hanson W. Baldwin,

Dean Acheson, Ernest A. Gross—the list is longer than space permits.

◆ **A Balance of Kudos** ◆

"Absolutely essential to every person working for peace and freedom. It is literally a handbook for those of us in government."

SENATOR JACOB K. JAVITS (R.)

"Yours is a great magazine. I find it invaluable because the articles are timely, yet invariably based on careful analysis and research. No other magazine achieves this feat as consistently as does yours."

SENATOR STUART SYMINGTON (D.)

◆ **AND YOU** ◆

Now is the time for all good men (and women) to come to the aid of their country, their party, and themselves. The best way to assure that you'll know more in '64 is by mailing the coupon above—while the special half-price rate is in effect (just \$3.50 for one year's issues). If another scissors has beaten yours to the bargain, don't despair. Just write to *The Reporter*/660 Madison Avenue/New York, New York 10021—and the business office will be glad to accommodate you.